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POEMS:

VVRITTEN BY WIL. SHAKE-SPEARE. Gent.

Printed at *London* by *Tho. Cotes*, and are to be ſold by *Iohn Benſon*, dwelling in S^t. *Dunſtans* Church-yard. 1640.

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Stanford Library

To the Reader.

I Here preſume (under favour) to preſent to your view, ſome excellent and ſweetely compoſed Poems, of Maſter William Shakeſpeare, *Which in themſelves appeare of the ſame purity, the Authour himſelfe then living avouched; they had not the fortune by reaſon of their Infancie in his death, to have the due accomodatiõ of proportionable glory, with the reſt of his everliving Workes, yet the lines of themſelves will afford you a more authentick approbation than my aſſurance any way can, to invite your allowance,*

To the Reader.

in your perusall you shall finde them Seren, *cleere and eligantly plaine, such gentle straines as shall recreate and not perplexe your braine, no intricate or cloudy stuffe to puzzell intellect, but perfect eloquence; such as will raise your admiration to his praise: this assurance I know will not differ from your acknowledgement. And certaine I am, my opinion will be seconded by the sufficiency of these ensuing Lines; I have beene somewhat solicitus to bring this forth to the perfect view of all men; and in so doing, glad to be serviceable for the continuance of glory to the deserved Author in these his Poems.*

I. B.

Vpon Maſter WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the *Deceaſed Authour, and his* POEMS.

POets are borne not made, when I would proue
This truth, the glad remembrance I muſt loue
Of never dying *Shakſpeare*, who alone,
Is argument enough to make that one.
Firſt, that he was a Poet none would doubt,
That heard th'applauſe of what he ſees ſet out
Imprinted; where thou haſt (I will not ſay)
Reader his Workes for to contrive a Play:
To him twas none) the patterne of all wit,
Art without Art unparaleld as yet.
Next Nature onely helpt him, for looke thorow
This whole Booke, thou ſhalt find he doth not borrow
One phraſe from Greekes, nor Latines imitate,
Nor once from vulgar Languages Tranſlate,
Nor Plagiari-like from others gleane,
Nor begges he from each witty friend a Scene
To peece his Acts with, all that he doth write,

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POEMS
BY
WILL. SHAKESPEARE
Gent.

The glory of beautie.

Ll wherefore with infection ſhould he live,
And with his preſence grace impietie,
That ſinne by him advantage ſhould achieve,
And lace it ſelfe with his ſocietie?
Why ſhould falſe painting imitate his cheeke,
And ſteale dead ſeeing of his living hew?
Why ſhould poore beautie indirectly ſeeke,
Roſes of ſhaddow, ſince his Roſe is true?
Why ſhould he live, now nature bankrout is,
Beggerd of blood to blush through lively veines,
For ſhee hath no exchecker now but his,
And proud of many, lives upon his gaines?
O him ſhe ſtores, to ſhow what wealth ſhe had,
In daies long ſince, before theſe laſt ſo bad.

Thus is his cheeke the map of dajes out-worne,
When beauty liv'd and dy'd as flowers do now,
Before theſe baſtard ſignes of faire were borne,
Or durſt inhabit on a living brow:
Before the goulden treſſes of the dead,
The right of ſepulchers were ſhorne away,
To live a ſecond life on ſecond head,
Ere beauties dead fleece made another gay:
In him thoſe holy antique howers are ſeene,
Without all ornament it ſelfe and true,
Making no ſummer of an others greene,
Robbing no old to dreſſe his beautie new,
And him as for a map doth Nature ſtore,
To ſhow falſe Art what beautie was of yore.
Thoſe parts of thee that the worlds eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
All tongues (the voice of ſoules) give thee that end,
Vttring bare truth, even ſo as foes Commend.
Their outward thus with outward praiſe is crownd,
But thoſe ſame tongues that give thee ſo thine owne,
In other accents doe this praiſe confound
By ſeeing farther then the eye hath ſhowne.
They looke into the beautie of thy mind,
And that in gueſſe they meaſure by thy deeds,
Then churls their thoughtes (although their eyes were kind)
To thy faire flower adde the ranke ſmell of weeds,
But why thy odor matcheth not thy ſhow,

POEMS
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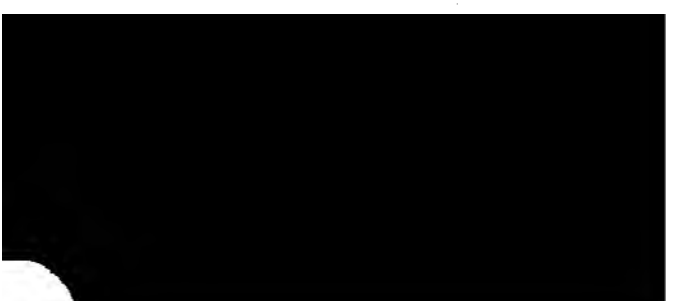


When I have ſeene by times fell hand defaced
The rich proud coſt of outworne buried age,
When ſometime loftie towers I ſee downe raſed,
And braſſe eternall ſlave to mortall rage.
When I have ſeene the hungry Ocean gaine
Advantage on the Kingdome of the ſhoare,
And the firme ſoile win of the watry maine,
Increaſing ſtore with loſſe, and loſſe with ſtore.
When I have ſeene ſuch interchange of ſtate,
Or ſtate it ſelfe confounded, to decay,
Ruine hath taught me thus to ruminate
That time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death which cannot chooſe
But weepe to have, that which it feares to looſe.
Since braſſe, nor ſtone, nor earth, nor boundleſſe ſea,
But ſad mortallity ore-ſwaies their power,
How with this rage ſhall beautie hold a plea,
Whoſe action is no ſtronger then a flower?
O how ſhall ſommers hungry breath hold out,
Againſt the wrackfull ſiedge of battring dayes,
When rocks impregnable are not ſo ſtoute,
Nor gates of ſteele ſo ſtrong but time decayes?
O fearefull meditation, where a lack
Shall times beſt Iewell from times cheſt lie hid?
Or what ſtrong hand can hold his ſwift foote back,
Or who his ſpoile or beautie can forbid?

And gilded honour ſhamefully miſplaſt,
And maiden vertue rudely ſtrumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully diſgrac'd,
And ſtrength by limping ſway diſabled.
And Art made tung-tide by authoritie,
And Folly (Doctor-like) controuling ſkill,
And ſimple-Truth miſcalde Simplicitie,
And captive-good attending Captaine ill.
Tyr'd with all theſe, from theſe would I be gone,
Save that to dye, I leave my love alone.

True Admiration.

WHat is your ſubſtance, whereof are you made,
That millions of ſtrange ſhaddowes on you tend?
Since every one, hath every one, one ſhade,
And you but one, can every ſhaddow lend:
Diſcribe *Adonis* and the counterfet,
Is poorely imitated after you,
On *Hellens* cheeke all art of beautie ſet,
And you in *Grecian* tires are painted new:
Speake of the ſpring, and foyzen of the yeare,
The one doth ſhaddow of your beautie ſhow,
The other as your bountie doth appeare,
And you in every bleſſed ſhape we know.
In all externall grace you have ſome part,
But you like none, none you for conſtant heart.
O how much more doth beautie beautious ſeeme,
By that ſweet ornament which truth doth give,
The Roſe lookes faire, but fairer we it deeme
For that ſweet odor, which doth in it live:

The Canker-bloomes have full as deepe a die,
As the perfumed tincture of the Roſes,
Hang on ſuch thornes, and play as wantonly,
When ſummers breath their maſked buds diſcloſes:
But for their vertue onely in their ſhow.
They live unwoov'd, and unreſpected fade,
Die to themſelves. Sweet Roſes doe not ſo,
Of their ſweet deathes, are ſweereſt odors made:
And ſo of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that ſhall vade, by verſe diſtils your truth.

The force of love.

BEing your ſlave what ſhould I doe but tend,
Upon the houres, and times of your deſire?
I have no precious time at all to ſpend,
Nor ſervices to doe till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world without end houre,
Whilſt I (my ſoveraigne) watch the clock for you,
Nor thinke the bitterneſſe of abſence ſowre,
When you have bid your ſervant once adue.
Nor dare I queſtion with my jealous thought,
Where you may be, or your affaires ſuppoſe,
But like a ſad ſlave ſtay and thinke of nought
Save where you are, how happy you make thoſe.
So true a foole is love, that in your Will,
(Though you doe any thing) he thinkes no ill.
That God forbid, that made me firſt your ſlave,
I ſhould in thought controule your times of pleaſure,

Or

Or at your hand th'accompt of houres to crave,
Being your vaſſaile bound to ſtay your leiſure.
Oh let me ſuffer (being at your beck)
Th'impriſon'd abſence of your libertie,
And patience tame, to ſufferance bide each check,
Without accuſing you of injury.
Be where you liſt, your charter is ſo ſtrong,
That you your ſelfe may priviledge your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong,
Your ſelfe to pardon of ſelfe-doing crime.
I am to waite, though waiting ſo be hell,
Not blame your pleaſure be it ill or well.

The beautie of Nature.

IF there be nothing new, but that which is,
Hath beene before how are our braines beguild,
Which labouring for invention beare amiſſe
The ſecond burthen of a former child?
O that record could with a back-ward looke,
Even of five hundreth courſes of the Sunne,
Show me your image in ſome antique booke,
Since mine at firſt in character was done.
That I might ſee what the old world could ſay,
To this compoſed wonder of your frame,
Whether we are mended, or whether better they,
Or whether revolution be the ſame.
Oh ſure I am the wits of former daies,
To ſubjects worſe have given admiring praiſe.

Loves

Loves cruelties.

FRom faireſt creatures we deſire increaſe,
That thereby beauties *Roſe* might never die,
But as the riper ſhould by time deceaſe,
His tender heire might beare his memory:
But thou contracted to thine owne bright eyes,
Feedſt thy lights flame with ſelfe ſubſtantiall fewell,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thy ſelfe thy foe, to thy ſweet ſelfe too cruell:
Thou that art now the worlds freſh ornament,
And only herauld to the gaudy ſpring,
Within thine owne bud buriеſt thy content,
And tender chorle makſt waſt in niggarding:
Pitty the world, or elſe this glutton be,
To eate the worlds due, by the grave and thee.
When fortie Winters ſhall beſeige thy brow,
And digge deep trenches in thy beauties field,
Thy youthes proud livery ſo gaz'd on now,
Will be a totter'd weed of ſmall worth held:
Then being askt, where all thy beautie lies,
Where all the treaſure of thy luſty dayes;
To ſay within thine owne deepe ſunken eyes,
Were an all-eating ſhame and thriftleſſe praiſe.
How much more praiſe deſerv'd thy beauties uſe,
If thou couldſt anſwere this faire child of mine
Shall ſum my count, and make my old excuſe,
Proving his beautie by ſucceſſion thine.
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And ſee thy blood warme when thou feel'ſt it cold.

Looke

Youthfull glory.

Looke in thy glaſſe and tell the face thou veweſt,
Now is the time that face ſhould forme an other,
Whoſe freſh repaine if now thou not renewеſt,
Thou doo'ſt beguile the world, unbleſſe ſome mother.
For where is ſhe ſo faire whoſe un-eard wombe
Diſdaines the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he ſo fond will be the tombe,
Of his ſelfe love to ſtop poſteritie?
Thou art thy mothers glaſſe and ſhe in thee
Calls backe the lovely Aprill of her prime,
So thou through windowes of thine age ſhalt ſee,
Diſpight of wrinkles this thy goulded time.
But if thou live remember not to be,
Die ſingle and thine Image dies with thee.

Youthfull glory.

O That you were your ſelfe, but love you are
No longer yours, then you your ſelfe here live,
Againſt this comming end you ſhould prepare,
And your ſweet ſemblance to ſome other give.
So ſhould that beauty which you hold in leaſe
Find no determination, then you were
Your ſelfe again after your ſelfes deceaſe,
When your ſweet iſſue your ſweete forme ſhould beare.
Who lets ſo faire a houſe fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold,
Againſt the ſtormy guſts of winters day
And barren rage of deaths eternall cold?

O none but unthrifts, dare my love you know,
You had a Father, let your Son say ſo.
Not from the ſtars doe I my judgement plucke,
And yet me thinkes I have Aſtronomy,
But not to tell of good, or evill lucke,
Of plagues, of dearths, or ſeaſons qualitie,
Nor can I fortune to breefe minuts tell;
Pointing to each his thunder, raine and winde,
Or ſay with Princes if it ſhall goe well
By oft predict that I in heaven finde.
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And conſtant ſtars in them I read ſuch art
As truth and beautie ſhall together thrive
If from thy ſelfe, to ſtore thou wouldſt convert:
Or elſe of thee this I prognoſticate,
Thy end is Truths and Beauties doome and date.
When I conſider every thing that growes
Holds in perfection but a little moment.
That this huge ſtage preſenteth nought but ſhowes
Whereon the Stars in ſecret influence comment.
When I perceive that men as plants increaſe,
Cheared and checkt even by the ſelfe-ſame skie:
Vaunt in their youthfull ſap, at height decreaſe,
And were their brave ſtate out of memory.
Then the conceit of this inconſtant ſtay,

Good Admonition.

BVt wherefore doe not you a mightier way
Make warre upon this bloudy tirant time?
And fortifie your ſelfe in your decay
With meanes more bleſſed then my barren rime?
Now ſtand you on the top of happy houres,
And many maiden gardens yet unſet,
With vertuous wiſh would beare your living flowers,
Much liker then your painted counterfeit:
So ſhould the lines of life that life repaire
Which this (Times penſell or my pupill pen)
Neither in inward worth nor outward faire
Can make you live your ſelfe in eyes of men,
To give away your ſelfe, keeps your ſelfe ſtill,
And you muſt live drawne by your owne ſweet skill.
Who will beleeve my verſe in time to come
If it were fild with your moſt high deſerts?
Though yet heaven knowes it is but as a tombe
Which hides your life, and ſhowes not halfe your parts:
If I could write the beautie of your eyes,
And in freſh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would ſay this Poet lies,
Such heavenly touches nere toucht earthly faces.
So ſhould my papers (yellowed with their age)
Be ſcorn'd, like old men of leſſe truth then tongue,
And your true rights be termd a Poets rage,
And ſtretched meter of an Antique ſong.
But were ſome childe of yours alive that time
You ſhould live twiſe in it, and in my rime.

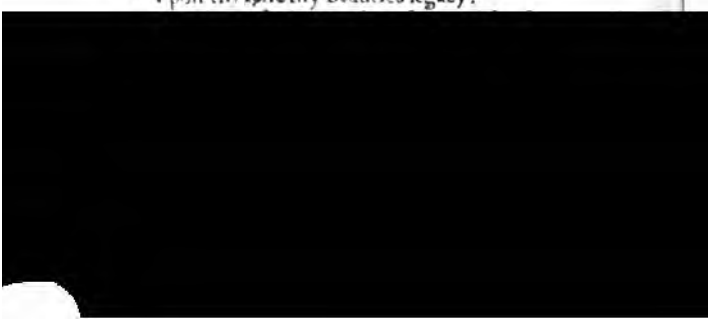
Quikes

Quicke prevention.

LOe in the Orient when the gracious light,
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new appearing ſight,
Serving with lookes his ſacred majeſtie,
And having climb'd the ſteepe up heavenly hill,
Reſembling ſtrong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortall lookes adore his beautie ſtill,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage:
But when from high-moſt pitch with weary care,
Like feeble age he reeleth from the day,
The eyes (fore dutious) now converted are
From his low traſt and looke another way:
So thou, thy ſelfe out-going in thy noon:
Vnlok'd on dieſt unleſſe thou get a ſonne.

Magazine of beautie.

VNthriftie lovelineſſe why doſt thou ſpend,
Vpon thy ſelfe thy beauties legacy?



For having traffike with thy ſelfe alone,
Thou of thy ſelfe thy ſweet ſelfe doſt deceive,
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable *Audit* can'ſt thou leave?
Thy unus'd beautie muſt be tomb'd with thee,
Which uſed lives th'executor to be.
Thoſe howres that with gentle worke did frame,
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell
Will play the tirants to the very ſame,
And that unfaire which fairely doth excell:
For never reſting time leads Summer on,
To hidious winter and confounds him there,
Sap checkt with froſt and luſtie leav's quite gon,
Beautie ore-ſnow'd and barenesſe every where,
Then were not ſummers diſtillation left
A liquid priſoner pent in walls of glaſſe,
Beauties effect with beautie were bereft,
Nor it nor no remembrance what it was.
But flowers diſtil'd though they with winter meete,
Leeſe but their ſhow, their ſubſtance ſtill lives ſweet.
Then let not winters wragged hand deface,
In thee thy ſummer ere thou be diſtil'd:
Make ſweet ſome viall; treaſure thou ſome place,
With beauties treaſure ere it be ſelfe kil'd:
That uſe is not forbidden uſury,
Which happies thoſe that pay the willing lone;
That's for thy ſelfe to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier be it ten for one,
Ten times thy ſelfe were happier then thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee,
Then what could death doe if thou ſhould'ſt depart,
Leaving thee living in poſterity?

Be

Be not ſelfe-wild for thou art much ſo faire,
To be deaths conqueſt and make wormes thine heire.

An invitation to Marriage.

MVſick to heare, why hear'ſt thou muſick ſadly,
Sweets with ſweets warre not, joy delights in joy:
Why lov'ſt thou that which thou receavſt not gladly,
Or elſe receiv'ſt with pleaſure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well tuned ſounds,
By unions married do offend thine eare,
They do but ſweetly chide thee, who confounds
In ſingleneſſe the parts that thou ſhou'ldſt beare:
Marke how one ſtring ſweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutuall ordering;
Reſembling ſier, and child, and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleaſing note do ſing:
Whoſe ſpeechleſſe ſong being many ſeeming one,
Sings this to thee thou ſingle wilt prove none.
It is for feare to wet a widdowes eye
That thou conſum'ſt thy ſelfe in ſingle life?
Ah! if thou iſſueleſſe ſhalt hap to die,
The world will waile thee like a makeleſſe wife,
The world will be thy widdow and ſtill weepe,
That thou no forme of thee haſt left behind,
When every privat widdow well may keepe,
By childrens eyes, her husbands ſhape in minde:
Looke what an unthrift in the world doth ſpend
Shifts but his place, for ſtill the world enjoyes it

But

But beauties waſte hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd the uſer ſo deſtroyes it:
No love toward others in that boſome ſits
That on himſelfe ſuch murdrous ſhame commits.
For ſhame deny that thou bear'ſt love to any
Who for thy ſelfe art ſo unprovident
Grant if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'ſt is moſt evident:
For thou art ſo poſſeſt with murdrous hate,
That gainſt thy ſelfe thou ſtickſt not to conſpire,
Seeking that beautious roofe to ruinate
Which to repaire ſhould be thy chiefe deſire:
O change thy thought, that I may change my mi
Shall hate be fairer log'd then gentle love?
Be as thy preſence is gracious and kind,
Or to thy ſelfe at leaſt kind hearted prove,
Make thee another ſelfe for love of me,
That beautie ſtill may live in thine or thee.
As faſt as thou ſhalt wane ſo faſt thou grow'ſt,
In one of thine, from that which thou departeſt,
And that freſh blood which yongly thou beſtow'ſt,
Thou maiſt call thine, when thou from youth converteſt,
Herein lives wiſedome, beautie, and increaſe,
Without this folly, age, and cold decay,
If all were minded ſo, the times ſhould ceaſe,
And threeſcore yeares would make the world away:
Let thoſe whom nature hath not made for ſtore,
Harſh featureleſſe, and rude, barrenly periſh,
Looke whom ſhe beſt indow'd, ſhe gave the more;
Which bountious gift thou ſhouldſt in bountie cherriſh,
She carv'd thee for her ſeale, and meant thereby,
Thou ſhouldſt print more, not let that coppy die,

When I doe count the clock that tels the time,
And ſee the brave day ſunck in hidious night,
When I behold the violet paſt prime,
And ſable curls or ſilver'd ore with white:
When loftie trees I ſee barren of leaves,
Which erſt from heat did canopie the herd
And Sommers greene all girded up in ſheaves
Borne on the beare with white and briſtly beard:
Then of thy beautie doe I queſtion make
That thou among the waſts of time muſt goe,
Since ſweets and beauties doe themſelves forſake,
And die as faſt as they ſee others grow,
And nothing gainſt Times ſithe can make defence
Save breed to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

Falſe beleeſe.

WHen my Love ſweares that ſhe is made of truth,
I doe beleeve her (though I know ſhe lies)
That ſhe might thinke me ſome untutor'd youth,
Vnskilfull in the worlds falſe forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that ſhe thinkes me young,
Although I know my yeares be paſt the beſt:
I ſmiling, credit her falſe ſpeaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in Love, with loves ill reſt.
But wherefore ſayes my love that ſhee is young?
And wherefore ſay not I, that I am old?
O, Loves beſt habit is a ſoothing tongue,
And Age (in love) loves not to have yeares told.

There-

Therefore Ile lie with Love, and Love with me,
Since that our faults in Love thus ſmother'd be.

A Temptation.

TWo loves I have, of Comfort, and Deſpaire,
That like two Spirits doe ſuggeſt me ſtill:
My better Angell is a Man (right faire)
My worſer ſpirit a Woman (colour'd ill.)
To winne me ſoone to hell, my Female evill
Tempteth my better Angell from my ſide,
And would corrupt my Saint to be a Divell,
Wooing his puritie, with her faire pride.
And whether that my Angell be turnd feend,
Suſpect I may (yet not directly tell:)
For being both to me: both to each friend,
I gheſſe one Angell in anothers hell.
The truth I ſhall not know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad Angell fire my good one out.

Faſt and looſe.

DId not the heavenly Rhetoricke of thine eye,
'Gainſt whom the world could not hold argument,
Perſwade my heart to this falſe perjurie:
Vowes ſeru'd for thee broke deſerve not puniſhment.

A woman I forſwore: but I will proue
Thou being a Goddeſſe, I forſwore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heauenly loue,
Thy grace being gaind, cures all diſgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is,
Then thou faire Sun, that on this earth doth ſhine,
Exhale this vapour vow, in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke what foole is not ſo wiſe
To breake an Oath, to win a Paradiſe?

True content.

SO is it not with me as with that Muſe,
Stird by a painted beautie to his verſe,
Who heauen it ſelfe for ornament doth uſe,
And every faire with his faire doth reherſe,
Making a cooplement of proud compare
With Sunne and Moone, with earth and ſeas rich gems:
With Aprills firſt borne flowers and all things rare,
That heavens ayre in this huge rondure hems,
O let me true in loue but truly write,
And then beleeve me, my loue is as faire,
As any mothers childe, though not ſo bright

A baſhfull Lover.

AS an unperfect actor on the ſtage,
Who with his feare is put beſides his part,
Or ſome fierce thing repleat with too much rage,
Whoſe ſtrengths abundance, weakens his owne heart;
So I for feare of truſt, forget to ſay,
The perfect ceremony of loves right,
And in mine owne loves ſtrength ſeeme to decay,
Ore-charg'd with burthen of mineowne loves might.
O let my books be then the eloquence,
And dumb preſagers of my ſpeaking breſt,
Who pleade for love, and looke for recompence,
More then that tongue that more hath more expreſt.
O learne to read what ſilent love hath writ,
To heare with eyes belongs to loves fine wit.

Strong conceite.

MY glaſſe ſhall not perſwade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou art of one date,
But when in thee times forrowes I behold,
Then looke I death my dayes ſhould expiate.
For all that beautie that doth cover thee,
Is but the ſeemely rayment of my heart,
Which in thy breſt doth live, as thine in me,
How can I then be elder then thou art?

O therefore love be of thy ſelfe ſo wary,
As I not for my ſelfe, but for thee will,
Bearing thy heart which I will keepe ſo chary
As tender nurſe her babe from farring ill,
Preſume not on thy heart when mine is ſlaine,
Thou gav'ſt me thine not to give backe againe.

A ſweet prouocation.

SWeet *Cytherea*, ſitting by a Brooke,
With young *Adonis*, lovely, freſh and greene,
Did court the Lad with many a lovely looke,
Such lookes as none could looke but beauties Queene.
She told him ſtories, to delight his eares:
She ſhow'd him favors, to allure his eye:
To win his heart, ſhe touche him here and there,
Touches ſo ſoft, ſtill conquer chaſtitie.
But whether unripe yeares did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibler would not touch the bait,
But ſmile, and jeſt, at every gentle offer:
Then fell ſhe on her backe, faire Queene, and toward
He roſe and ran away, ah ſoole too froward.

A conſtant vow.

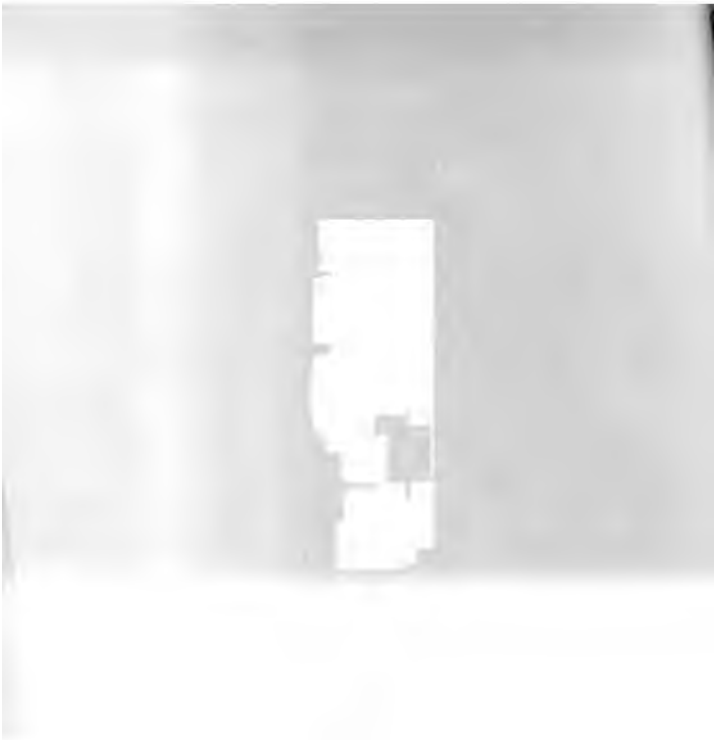
IF love make me forſworne, how ſhall I ſweare to love?
O, never faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed:

Though

Though to my ſelfe forſworne, to thee Ile conſtant prove,
Thoſe thoughes to me like Okes, to thee like Oſiers bowed,
Studdy his byas leaves, and makes his booke thine eyes,
Where all thoſe pleaſures lives, that Art can comprehend:
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee ſhall ſuffice:
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend,
All ignorant that ſoule, that ſees thee without wonder,
Which is to me ſome prayſe, that I thy parts admire:
Thine eye *Ioves* lightning ſeemes, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder
Which (not to anger bent) is muſick and ſweet fire.
Celeſtiall as thou art, O doe not love that wrong,
To ſing heavens prayſe, with ſuch an earthly tongue.

The Exchange.

A Womans face with natures owne hand painted,
Haſt thou the Maſter Miſtris of my paſſion,
A womans gentle heart but not acquainted
With ſhifting change as is falſe womens faſhion,
An eye more bright then theirs, leſſe falſe in rowling:
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth,
A man in hew all *Hews* in his controuling,
Which ſteales mens eyes, and womens ſoules amazeth?
And for a woman wert thou firſt created,
Till nature as ſhe wrought thee fell a doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpoſe nothing.
But ſince ſhe prickt thee out for womens pleaſure,
Mine be thy love and thy loves uſe their treaſure.



A diſconſolation.

WEary with toyle, I haſte me to my bed,
The deare repoſe for limbs with travaile tired,
But then begins a journey in my head
To worke my minde, when bodies work's expired.
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keepe my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darkeneſſe which the blind doe ſee.
Save that my ſoules imaginary ſight
Preſents their ſhaddow to my ſightleſſe view,
Which like a jewell (hunge in gaſtly night)
Makes blacke night beautious and her old face new.
Loe thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for my ſelfe, no quiet finde.
How can I then returne in happy plight
That am debard the benefit of reſt?
When dyes oppreſſion is not eazd by night,
But da by night and night by day oppreſt.
And each (though enemies to others raigne)
Doe in conſent ſhake hands to torture me,
The one by toyle, the other to complaine
How far I toyle ſtill further off from thee.

When in diſgrace with Fortune and mens eyes,
I all alone be weepe my out-caſt ſtate,
And trouble deafe heaven with my bootleſſe cries,
And looke upon my ſelfe and curſe my fate.
Wiſhing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends poſſeſt,
Deſiring this mans art, and that mans skope,
With what I moſt injoy contented leaſt,
Yet in theſe thoughts my ſelfe almoſt deſpiſing,
Haply I thinke on thee, and then my ſtate,
(Like to the Larke at breake of day ariſing)
From ſullen earth ſings himns at Heavens gate,
For thy ſweet love remembred ſuch wealth brings,
That then I ſcorne to change my ſtate with Kings.

Cruell Deceit.

SCarſe had the Sunne dride up the deawy morne,
And ſcarſe the herd gone to the hedge for ſhade:
When *Cytherea* (all in love forlorne)
A longing tarriance for *Adonis* made
Vnder an Ofyer growing by a brooke,
A brooke, where *Adon* us'd to coole his ſpleene:
Hot was the day, ſhe hotter that did looke
For his approach, that often there had beene.
Anon he comes, and throwes his Mantle by,
And ſtood ſtarke naked on the brookes greene brim:
The Sunne look't on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not ſo wiſtly, as this Queene on him:

He

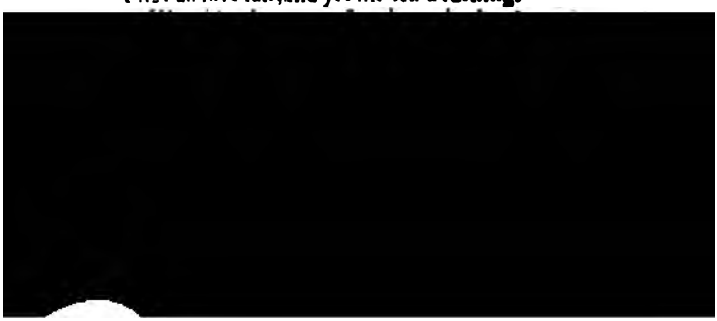
He ſpying her, bounſt in (whereas he ſtood)
Oh *Iove* (quoth ſhe) why was not I a flood?

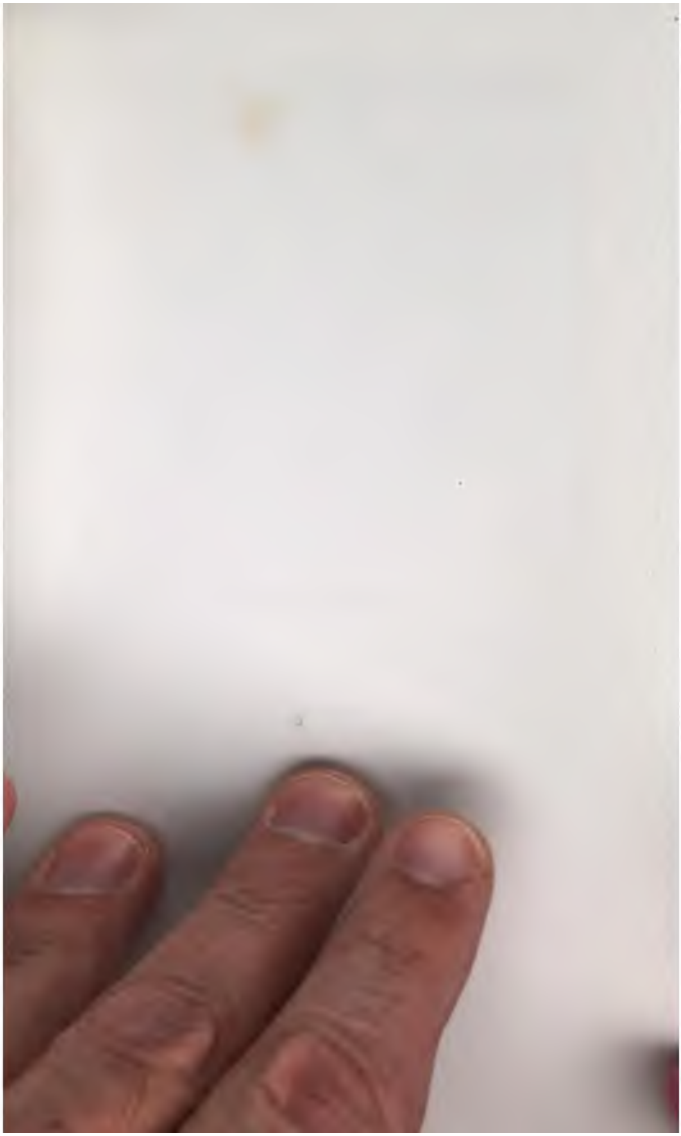
The unconſtant Lover.

FAire is my love, but not ſo faire as fickle,
Milde as a Dove, but neither true nor truſtie,
Brighter then glaſſe, and yet as glaſſe is brittle,
Softer then wax, and yet as Iron ruſty:
A lilly pale, with damaske die to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falſer to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath ſhe joyned,
Betweene each kiſſe her oathes of true love ſwearing:
How many teares to pleaſe me hath ſhe coyned,
Dreading my love, the loſſe thereof ſtill fearing.
Yet in the midſt of all her pure proteſtings,
Her faith, her oathes, her teares, and all were jeaſtings.

She burnt with love, as ſtraw with fire flameth,
She turnd out love, as ſoone as ſtraw out burneth;
She fram'd the love, and yet ſhe foyld the framing,
She bad love laſt, and yet ſhe fell a turning.





If thou ſurvive my well contented day,
When that churle death my bones with duſt ſhall cover
And ſhalt by fortune once more re-ſurvay:
Theſe poore rude lines of thy deceaſed Lover:
Compare them with the beſt'ring of the time,
And though they be out-ſtript by every pen,
Reſerve them for my love, not for their rime,
Exceeded by the high'ſt of happier men.
Oh then vouchſafe me but this loving thought,
Had my friends Muſe growne with this growing age,
A dearer birth then this his love had brought
To march in ranckes of better equipage:
But ſince he dyed and Poets better prove,
Theirs for their ſtile ile read, his for his love.

Friendly concord.

IF Muſicke and ſweet Poetrie agree,
As they muſt needs (the Siſter and the brother)
Then muſt the love be great twixt thee and me,
Becauſe thou lov'ſt the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is deare, whoſe heavenly touch
Vpon the Lute, doth raviſh humane ſenſe:

One God is God of both (as Poets faine)
One Knight loves Both, and both in thee remaine.

Inhumanitie.

FAire was the morne, when the faire Queene of Love,
Paler for sorrow then her milke white Dove,
For *Adons* sake, a youngster proud and wilde,
Her stand she takes upon a steepe up hill.
Anon *Adonis* comes with horne and hounds,
She silly Queene, with more then loves good will,
Forbad the boy he should not passe those grounds.
Once (quoth she) did I see a faire sweet youth
Here in these brakes, deepe wounded with a Boare,
Deepe in the thigh a spectacle of ruth,
See in my thigh (quoth she) here was the sore,
She shewed hers, he saw more wounds then one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

A congratulation.

HOw can my Muse want subject to invent
While thou dost breath that powr'st into my verse,
Thine owne sweet argument, too excellent,
For every vulgar paper to rehearse:
Oh give thy selfe the thankes if ought in me,
Worthly perusall stand against thy sight,

For

For who's ſo dumbbe that cannot write to thee,
When thou thy ſelfe doſt give invention light ?
Be thou the tenth Muſe, ten times more in worth
Then thoſe old nine which rimers invocate,
And he that cals on thee, let him bring forth
Eternall numbers to out-live long date.
If my ſlight Muſe doe pleaſe theſe curious dayes,
The paine be mine, but thine ſhall be the praiſe.
Oh how thy worth with manners may I ſing,
When thou art all the better part of me ?
What can mine owne praiſe to mine owne ſelfe bring ;
And what is't but mine owne when I praiſe thee,
Even for this, let us devided live,
And our deare love looſe name of ſingle one,
That by this ſeparation I may give :
That due to thee which thou deſerv'ſt alone :
Oh abſence what a torment wouldſt thou prove,
Were it not thy ſoure leiſure gave ſweet leave,
To entertaine the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts ſo ſweetly doſt deceive,
And that thou teacheſt how to make one twaine,
By prayſing him here who doth hence remaine.
Take all my loves, my love, yea take them all,
What haſt thou then more then thou hadſt before ?
No love, my love, that thou mayſt true love call,
All mine was thine, before thou hadſt this more :
Then if for my love, thou my love receiveſt,
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou uſeſt,
But yet be blam'd, if thou this ſelfe deceaveſt
By wilfull taſte of what thy ſelfe refuſeſt.
I doe forgive thy robb'ry gentle theefe
Although thou ſteale thee all my povertie :

And yet loue knowes it is a greater griefe
To beare loues wrong, then hates knowne injury.
Laſcivious grace, in whom all ill well ſhowes,
Kill me with ſpights yet we muſt not be foes

Loſſe and gaine.

THoſe pretty wrongs that libertie commits,
When I am ſometimes abſent from thy heart,
Thy beautie, and thy yeares full well befits,
For ſtill temptation followes where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be wonne,
Beautious thou art, therefore to be aſſailed.
And when a woman wooes, what womans ſonne,
Will ſourely leave her till he have prevailed.
Aye me, but yet thou mightſt my ſeate forbeare,
And chide thy beautie and thy ſtraying youth,
Who lead thee in their ryot even there
Where thou art forc't to break a twofold truth:
Hers by thy beautie tempting her to thee,
Thine by thy beautie being falſe to me.
That thou haſt her it is not all my griefe,
And yet it may be ſayd I lov'd her dearely,
That ſhe hath thee is of my wayling cheefe,
A loſſe in love that touches me more neerely.
Loving offendors thus I will excuſe yee,
Thou doeſt love her, becauſe thou knowſt I love her,
And for my ſake even ſo doth ſhe abuſe me,
Suffering my friend for my ſake to approve her,

If

If I looſe thee, my loſſe is my loves gaine,
And looſing her, my friend hath found that loſſe;
Both finde each other, and I looſe both twaine,
And both for my ſake lay on me this croſſe,
But here's the joy, my friend and I are one,
Sweet flattery, then ſhee loves but me alone.

Fooliſh diſdaine.

VEnus with *Adonis* ſitting by her,
Vnder a Mirtle ſhade began to wooe him,
She told the youngling how god *Mars* did try her,
And as he fell to her, ſhe fell to him,
Even thus (quoth ſhe) the warlike god embrac't me,
And then ſhe clipt *Adonis* in her armes:
Even thus (quoth ſhe) the warlike god unlac't me,
As if the boy ſhould uſe like loving charmes:
Even thus (quoth ſhe) he ſeized on my lippes,
And with her lips on his did act the ſeizure:
And as ſhe fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleaſure.
Ah, that I had my Lady at this bay:
To kiſſe and clip me till I run away.

Youth like ſummer morne, Age like winter weather,
Youth like ſummer braue, Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of ſport, Ages breath is ſhort,
Youth is nimble, Age is lame,
Youth is hot and bold, Age is weake and cold,
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age I doe abhor thee, Youth I doe adore thee,
O my love my love is young:
Age I doe defie thee, Oh ſweet Shepheard hie thee,
For me thinks thou ſtaies too long.

Beauties valuation.

BEautie is but a vaine and doubtfull good,
A ſhining gloſſe, that vadeth ſuddainly,
A flower that dies, when firſt it gins to bud,
A brittle glaſſe, that's broken preſently.
A doubtfull good, a gloſſe, a glaſſe, a flower,
Loſt, vaded, broken, dead within an houre.
And as goods loſt, are ſeld or never found,
As vaded gloſſe no rubbing will refreſh,
As flowers dead, lie withered on the ground,
As broken glaſſe no ſymant can redreſſe.
So beautie blemiſht once, for ever loſt,
In ſpite of phiſicke, painting, paine and coſt.

Melancholy thoughts.

IF the dull ſubſtance of my fleſh were thought,
Injurious diſtance ſhould not ſtop my way.
For then diſpight of ſpace I would be brought,
From limits farre remote, where thou dooſt ſtay.
No matter then although my foote did ſtand
Vpon the fartheſt earth remoov'd from thee,
For nimble thought can jumpe both ſea and land,
As ſoone as thinke the place where he would be.
But ah, thought kills me that I am not thought
To leape large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that ſo much of earth and water wrought,
I muſt attend, times leaſure with my mone.
Receiving naughts by elements ſo ſloe,
But heavy teares, badges of eithers woe.
The other two, ſlight ayre, and purging fire,
Are both with thee, where ever I abide,
The firſt my thought, the other my deſire,
Theſe preſent abſent with ſwift motion ſlide.
For when theſe quicker Elements are gone
In tender Embaſſie of love to thee,
My life being made of foure, with two alone,
Sinkes downe to death oppreſt with melancholy.

Loves Loſſe.

SWeet Roſe, faire flower, untimely pluckt, ſoone vaded,
Pluckt in the bud, and vaded in the ſpring:
Bright Orient pearle, alacke too timely ſhaded,
Faire creature, kild too ſoone by Deaths ſharpe ſting:
Like a greene plumbe that hangs upon a tree:
And falls (through winde) before the fall ſhould be.
I weepe for thee, and yet no cauſe I have,
For why; thou lefts me nothing in thy Will,
And yet thou lefts me more then I did crave,
For why: I craved nothing of thee ſtill:
O yes (deare friend) I pardon crave of thee,
Thy diſcontent thou didſt bequeath to me.

Loves Releeſe.

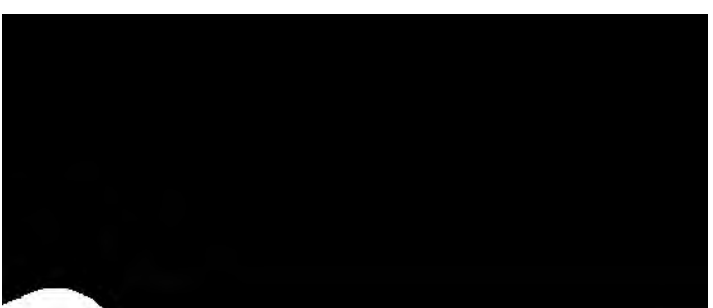
FVll many a glorious morning have I ſeene,
Flatter the mountaine tops with ſoveraigne eye,
Kiſſing with golden face the meddowes greene;
Gilding pale ſtreames with heavenly alcumy:
Anon permit the baſeſt clouds to ride,
With ougly rack on his celeſtiall face,
And from the forlorne world his viſage hide
Stealing unſeene to weſt with this diſgrace:
Even ſo my Sunne one early morne did ſhine,
With all triumphant ſplendor on my brow,

But out alack, he was but one houre mine,
The region cloude hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this, my love no whit diſdaineth,
Suns of the world may ſtaine, when heavens ſun ſtayneth.
Why didſt thou promiſe ſuch a beautious day,
And make me travaile forth without my cloake,
To let baſe clouds ore-take me in my way,
Hiding thy brav'ry in their rotten ſmoke.
Tis not enough that through the cloude thou breake,
To dry the raine on my ſtorme-beaten face,
For no man well of ſuch a ſalve can ſpeake,
That hæales the wound, and cures not the diſgrace:
Nor can thy ſhame give phiſicke to my griefe,
Though thou repent, yet I have ſtill the loſſe,
Th'offenders ſorrow lends but weake reliefe
To him that beares the ſtrong offences loſſe.
Ah but thoſe teares are pearle which thy love ſheeds,
And they are rich, and ranſome all ill deeds.
No more be greev'd at that which thou haſt done,
Roſes have thornes, and ſilver fountaines mud,
Clouds and eclipſes ſtaine both Moone and Sunne,
And loathſome canker lives in ſweeteſt bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy treſpas with compare,
Myſelfe corrupting ſalving thy amiſſe,
Excuſing their ſins more then their ſins are:

[redacted]

Vnanimitie.

LEt me confeſſe that we two muſt be twaine.
Although our undevided loves are one:
So ſhall thoſe blots that do with me remaine,
Without thy helpe, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one reſpect,
Though in our lives a ſeperable ſpight,
Which though it alter not loves ſole effect,
Yet doth it ſteale ſweet houres from loves delight:
I may not ever-more acknowledge thee,
Leaſt my bewailed guilt ſhould doe thee ſhame,
Nor thou with publike kindneſſe honour me,
Vnleſſe thou take that honour from thy name:
But doe not ſo, I love thee in ſuch ſort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.
As a decrepit father takes delight,
To ſee his active child doe deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by Fortunes dearеſt ſpight
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
For whether beautie, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of theſe all, or all, or more
Intitled in their parts, do crowned ſit,
I make my love ingrafted to this ſtore:
So then I am not lame, poore, nor diſpis'd,
Whilſt that this ſhadow doth ſuch ſubſtance give,
That I in thy abundance am ſuffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live:
Looke what is beſt, that beſt I wiſh in thee,
This wiſh I have, then ten times happy me.



Loath to depart.

GOod night, good reſt, ah neither be my ſhare,
She bad good night, that kept my reſt away,
And daſt me to a cabben hangde with care:
To deſcant on the doubts of my decay,
  Farewell (quoth ſhe) and come againe to morrow;
  Fare well I could not, for I ſupt with ſorrow.
Yet at my parting ſweetl, did ſhe ſmile,
In ſcorne or friendſhip, nill I conſter whether:
'Tmay be ſhe joyd to jeaſt at my exile.
'Tmay be againe, to make me wander thither.
  Wander (a word) for ſhadowes like my ſelfe,
  As take the paine, but cannot plucke the pelfe.
Lord how mine eyes throw gazes to the Eaſt,
My heart doth charge the watch, the morning riſe
Doth ſcite each moving ſence from idle reſt,
Not daring truſt the office of mine eies.
  While *Philomela* ſits and ſings, I ſit and marke,
  And wiſh her layes were tuned like the Larke.
For ſhe doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
And drives away darke dreaming night:
The night ſo packt, I poſt unto my pretty,
Hart hath his hope, and eies their wiſhed ſight.

Pack night peepe day, good day of night now borrow,
Short night to night, and length thy ſelfe to morrow.

A Maſter-peece.

MIne eye hath play'd the Painter and hath ſteeld,
Thy beauties forme in table of my heart.
My body is the frame wherein ti's held,
And perſpective it is beſt Painters Art.
For through the Painter muſt you ſee his skill.
To finde where your true Imago pictur'd lies,
Which in my boſomes ſhop is hanging ſtill,
That hath his windowes glazed with thine eyes:
Now ſee what good-turnes eyes for eyes have done,
Mine eyes have drawne thy ſhape, and thine for me
Are windowes to my breſt, where through the Sun
Delights to peepe, to gaze therein on thee
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art
They draw but what they ſee, know not the heart.

Happineſſe in content.

LEt thoſe who are in favour with their ſtars,
Of publike honour and proud titles boſt,
Whilſt I whom fortune of ſuch tryumph bars
Vnlookt for joy in that I honour moſt;

Great Princes favorites their faire leaves ſpread,
But as the Marigold at the ſuns eye,
And in themſelves their pride lies buried,
For at a frowne they in their glory die.
The painefull warrier famoſed for worth,
After a thouſand victories once foild,
Is from the booke of honour raſed quite,
And all the reſt forgot for which he toild;
Then happy I that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

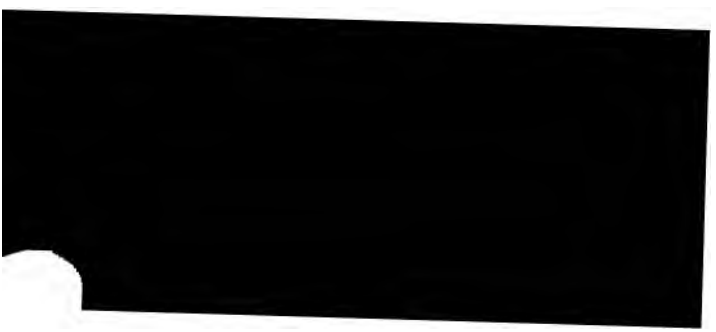
A dutifull Meſſage.

LOrd of my love, to whom in vaſſalage
Thy merit hath my dutie ſtrongly knit;
To thee I ſend this written ambaſſage
To witneſſe dutie, not to ſhew my wit.
Dutie ſo great, which wit ſo poore as mine
May make ſeeme bare, in wanting words to ſhew it;
But that I hope ſome good conceit of thine
In thy ſoules thought (all naked) will beſtow it:
Till whatſoever ſtar that guides my moving,
Points on me graciouſly with faire aſpect,

[redacted]

Goe and come quickly.

HOw heavie doe I journey on the way,
When what I ſeeke (my weary travels end)
Doth teach that eaſe and that repoſe to ſay,
Thus farre the miles are meaſurde from thy friend.
The beaſt that beares me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to beare that weight in me,
As if by ſome inſtinct the wretch did know
His tider lov'd not ſpeed being made from thee:
The bloody ſpurre cannot provoke him on,
That ſome-times anger thruſts into his hide,
Which heavily he anſwers with a grone,
More ſharpe to me then ſpurring to his ſide,
For that ſame groane doth put this in my mind,
My greefe lies onward and my joy behind.
Thus can my love excuſe the ſlow offence,
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I ſpeed,
From where thou art, why ſhould I haſt me thence,
Till I returne of poſting is no neede.
O what excuſe will my poore beaſt then find,
When ſwift extremitie can ſeeme but ſlow,
Then ſhould I ſpurre though mounted on the wind,
In winged ſpeed no motion ſhall I know,
Then can no horſe with my deſire keepe pace,
Therefore deſire (of perfects love being made)
Shall neigh no dull fleſh in his fiery race,
But love, for love, thus ſhall excuſe my jade,
Since from thee going, he went wilfull ſlow,
Towards thee ile run, and give him leave to goe.



Two faithfull friends.

MIne eye and heart are at a mortall warre,
How to devide the conqueſt of thy ſight,
Mine eye, my heart their pictures ſight would barre,
My heart, mine eye the freedome of that right,
My heart doth plead that thou in him doſt lye,
(A cloſet never pearſt with chriſtall eyes)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And ſayes in him their faire appearance lies.
To ſide this title is impannelled
A queſt of thoughts, all tennants to the heart,
And by their verdict is determined
The cleere eyes moyitie, and the deare hearts part.
As thus mine eyes due is their outward part
And my hearts right, their inward love of heart.
Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is tooke,
And each doth good turnes now unto the other,
When that mine eye is famiſht for a looke,
Or heart in love with ſighes himſelfe doth ſmother;
With my loves picture then my eye doth feaſt,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
Another time mine eye is my hearts gueſt,
And in his thoughts of love doth ſhare a part.

Careleſſe neglect.

HOw carefull was I when I tooke my way,
Each trifle under trueſt barres to thruſt,
That to my uſe it might unuſed ſtay
From hands of falſehood, in ſure wards of truſt?
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Moſt worthy comfort, now my greateſt griefe,
Thou beſt of deereſt, and mine onely care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar theefe.
Thee have I not lockt up in any cheſt,
Save where thou art not, though I feele thou art,
Within the gentle cloſure of my breſt,
From whence at pleaſure thou maiſt come and part,
And even thence thou wilt be ſtolne I feare,
For truth prooves theeviſh for a prize ſo deare.

Stonte reſolution.

AGainſt that time (if ever that time come)
When I ſhall ſee thee frowne on my defects,
When as thy love hath caſt his utmoſt ſumme,
Cald to that audite by advis'd reſpects,
Againſt that time when thou ſhalt ſtrangely paſſe,
And ſcarcely greete me with that ſunne thine eye,
When love converted from the thing it was
Shall reaſons finde of ſetled gravitie.

Againſt

Againſt that time doe I inſconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine owne deſart,
And this my hand, againſt my ſelfe upreare,
To guard the lawfull reaſons on thy part,
To leave poore me, thou haſt the ſtrength of lawes,
Since why to love, I can alledge no cauſe.

A Duell.

IT was a Lordings daughter,
The faireſt one of three
That liked of her maſter, as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Engliſhman,
The faireſt eye could ſee,
Her fancy fell a turning.
Long was the combat doubtfull,
That love with love did fight,
To leave the maſter loveleſſe, or kill the gallant Knight,
To put in practiſe either, alas it was a ſpite
Vnto the ſilly damſell.
For one muſt be refuſed, more mickle was the paine,
That nothing could be uſed, to turne them both to gaine,
For of the two the truſty knight was

[redacted]

Love-ſicke.

ON a day (alacke the day)
Love whoſe month was ever May,
Spied a bloſſome paſſing faire,
Playing in the wanton ayres
Through the velvet leaves the wind
All unſeene gan paſſage find,
That the lover (ſicke to death)
Wiſht himſelfe the heavens breath,
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow,
Ayre, would I might triumph ſo:
But (alas) my hand hath ſworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne,
Vow (alacke) for youth unmeet,
Youth, ſo apt to pluck a ſweet,
Thou for whom *Love* would ſweare,
Iuno but an Ethiope were,
And deny himſelfe for *Love*
Turning mortall for thy Love.

Loves Labour loſt.

MY flocks feede not, my Ewes breed not,
My Rams ſpeed not, all *is* amiſs:
Love is dying, Faiths defying,
Harts denying, cauſe of this.

All

All my merry Iigges are quite forgot,
All my Ladies love is lost (god wot)
Where her faith was firmely fixt in love,
There a nay is plac't without remove.
One silly crosse, wrought all my losse,
O frowning fortune cursed fickle dame,
For now I see, inconstancy,
More in women then in men remaine.
In blacke mourne I, all feares scorne I,
Love hath forlorne me living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding, all helpe needing,
O cruell speeding, fraughted with gall.
My shepheards pipe can sound no deale,
My Weathers bell rings dolefull knell,
My curtaile Dogge that wont to have plaid,
Plaies not at all but seemes afraid.
With sighes so deepe, procures to weepe,
In howling wise, to see my dolefull plight,
How sighes resound through heartlesse ground
Like a thousand vanquisht men in bloudie fight.
Cleare wells spring not, sweet birds sing not,
Greene plants bring not forth their die,
Herds stands weeping, flockes all sleeping,
Nimphes blacke peeping fearefully:
All our pleasure knowne to us poore swaines:
All our merry meetings on the plaines,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for love is dead,
Farewell sweet love thy like nere was;
For a sweet content the cause of all my woe,
Poore *Coridon* must live alone,
Other helpe for him I see that there is none.

Wholesome

Wholeſome counſell.

WHen as thine eye hath choſe the Dame,
And ſtalde the deare that thou ſhouldſt ſtrike,
Let reaſon rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy (partly all might)
Take counſell of ſome wiſer head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwed,
And when thou com'ſt thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talke,
Leaſt ſhe ſome ſubtill practiſe ſmell.
A Cripple ſoone can finde a halt,
But plainely ſay thou lovſt her well,
And ſet her perſon forth to ſale.
What though her frowning browes be bent
Her cloudy lookes will calme ere night,
And then too late ſhe will repent,
That thus diſſembled her delight.
And twice deſire ere it be day,
That which with ſcorne ſhe put away.
What though ſhe ſtrive to try her ſtrength,
And ban and brawle, and ſay thee nay:
Her feeble force will yeeld at length.
When craft hath taught her thus to ſayt
Had women beene ſo ſtrong as men
In faith you had not had it then.
And to her will frame all thy wayes,
Spare not to ſpend, and chiefly there,
Where thy deſart may merit praiſe
By ringing in thy Ladies eare.

The

The ſtrongeſt caſtle, tower and towne,
The golden bullet beats it downe.
Serve alwayes with aſſured traſt,
And in thy ſute be humble true,
Vnleſſe thy Lady prove unjuſt,
Preaſe never thou to chuſe a new:
When time ſhall ſerve, be thou not ſlacke,
To proffer though ſhe put it back.
The wiles and guiles that women worke,
Diſſembled with an outward ſhew:
The tricks and toyes that in them lurke,
The Cock that treads them ſhall not know.
Have you not heard it ſaid full oft,
A Womans nay doth ſtand for nought.
Thinke women ſtill to ſtrive with men,
To ſinne and never for to Saint,
There is no heaven (by holy then)
When time with age ſhall them attaint,
Were kiſſes all the joyes in bed,
One woman would another wed.
But ſoft enough, too much I feare,
Leaſt that my miſtreſſe heare my ſong,
She will not ſticke to round me on th'ere,
To teach my tongue to be ſo long:
Yet will ſhe blush, here be it ſaid,
To heare her ſecrets ſo bewraid.

Sat fuiſſe.

SInne of ſelfe-love poſſeſſeth all mine eye,
And all my ſoule, and all my every part:
And for this ſinne there is no remedy,
It is ſo grounded inward in my heart.
Me thinkes no face ſo gracious is as mine,
No ſhape ſo true, no truth of ſuch account,
And for my ſelfe mine owne worth doe define,
As I all other in all worths ſurmount.
But when my glaſſe ſhewes me my ſelfe indeed
Beated and chopt with tand antiquitie,
Mine owne ſelfe love quite contrary I read
Selfe, ſo ſelfe loving were iniquitie,
'Tis thee (my ſelfe) that for my ſelfe I praiſe,
Painting my age with beautie of thy dayes.

A living monument.

NOt marble, nor the guilded monument,
Of Princes ſhall out-live this powerfull rime,
But you ſhall ſhine more bright in theſe contents
Then unſwept ſtone, beſmeer'd with ſluttiſh time.
When waſtefull warre ſhall *Statues* overturne,
And broyles roote out the worke of maſonry,
Nor *Mars* his ſword, nor warres quicke fire ſhall burne
The living record of your memory.

Gainſt death, and all oblivious enmitie
Shall you pace forth, your praiſe ſhall ſtill finde roome,
Even in the eyes of all poſteritie
That were this world out to the ending doome.
So till the judgement that your ſelfe ariſe,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers eyes.

Familiaritie breeds contempt.

SO am I as the rich whoſe bleſſed key,
Can bring him to his ſweet uplocked treaſure,
The which he will not ev'ry hower ſurvay,
For blunting the fine point of ſeldome pleaſure,
Therefore are feaſts ſo ſollemne and ſo rare,
Since ſeldome comming in the long yeare ſet,
Like ſtones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captaine Iewells in the carconet.
So is the time that keepes you as my cheſt,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make ſome ſpeciall inſtant ſpeciall bleſt,
By new unfoulding his impriſon'd pride.
Bleſſed are you whoſe worthineſſe gives ſcope,
Being had to triumph, being lackt to hope.

Patiens Tyrannus.

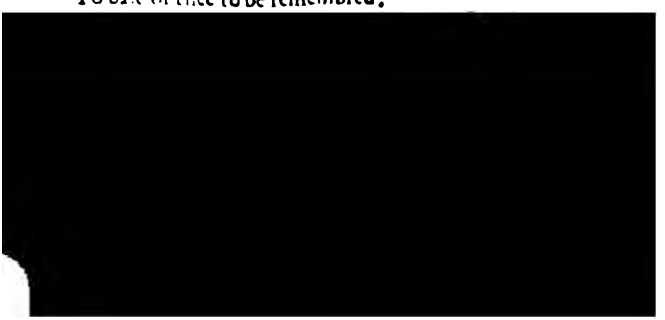
IS it thy will, thy Image ſhould keepe open
My heavie eyelids to the weary night?

Doſt thou deſire my ſlumbers ſhould be broken;
While ſhadowes like to thee doe mocke my ſight?
Is it thy ſpirit that thou ſend'ſt from thee
So farre from home into my deeds to pry,
To finde out ſhames and idle houres in me,
The ſcope and tenure of thy Iealouſie?
O no, thy love though much, is not ſo great,
It is my love that keepes mine eye awake,
Mine owne true love that doth my reſt defeat,
To play the watch-man ever for thy ſake.
For thee watch I, whilſt thou doſt wake elſe-where,
From me farre off, with others all too neare.

A Valediction.

NO longer mourne for me when I am dead,
Then you ſhall heare the ſurly ſullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world with vildeſt wormes to dwell:
Nay if you read this line, remember not,
The hand that writ it, for I love you ſo,
That I in your ſweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then ſhould make you woe,
O if (I ſay) you looke upon this verſe,
When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,
Doe not ſo much as my poore name rehearſe;
But let your love even with my life decay.
Leaſt the wiſe world ſhould looke into your mone,
And mocke you with me after I am gone.

O Leaſt the world ſhould taske you to recite,
What merit liv'd in me that you ſhould love
After my death(deare love) forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove.
Vnleſſe you would deviſe ſome vertuous lye,
To doe more for me then mine owne deſert,
And hange more prayſe upon deceaſed I,
Then nigard truth would willingly impart:
O leaſt your true love may ſeeme falſe in this,
That you for love ſpeake well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to ſhame nor me, nor you.
For I am ſhamd by that which I bring forth,
And ſo ſhould you, to love things nothing worth.
But be contented when that fell arreſt,
Without all bayle ſhall carry me away,
My life hath in this line ſome intereſt,
Which for memoriall ſtill with thee ſhall ſtay.
When thou reviewеſt this, thou doſt review.
The very part was conſecrate to thee,
The earth can have but earth, which is his due,
My ſpirit is thine the better part of me,
So then thou haſt but loſt the dregs of life,
The prey of wormes, my body being dead,
The coward conqueſt of a wretches knife,
Too baſe of thee to be remembred.



Nil magnis Invidia.

THat thou art blam'd ſhall not be thy defect,
For ſlanders marke was ever yet the faire,
The ornament of beautie is ſuſpect,
A Crow that flies in heavens ſweeteſt ayre.
So thou be good, ſlander doth but approve,
Their worth the greater being woo'd of time,
For Canker vice the ſweeteſt buds doth love,
And thou preſent'ſt a pure unſtayned prime.
Thou haſt paſt by the ambuſh of young dayes,
Either not aſſaild, or victor being charg'd,
Yet this thy praiſe cannot be ſo thy praiſe,
To tye up envy, evermore inlarged,
If ſome ſuſpect of ill maske not thy ſhow,
Then thou alone kingdomes of hearts ſhouldſt owe.

Love-ſicke.

OHow I faint when I of you doe write,
Knowing a better ſpirit doth uſe your name,
And in the prayſe thereof ſpends all his might,
To make me tongue-tide ſpeaking of your fame.
But ſince your worth (wide as the Ocean is)
The humble as the proudeſt ſaile doth beare,
My ſawſie barke (inferior farre to his)
On your broad maine doth wilfully appeare.

Your ſhalloweſt helpe will hold me up a floate,
Whilſt he upon your ſoundleſſe deepe doth ride,
Or (being wrackt) I am a worthleſſe boate,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride.
Then if he thrive and I be caſt away
The worſt was this, my love was my decay,
Or I ſhall live your Epitaph to make,
Or you ſurvive when I in earth am rotten,
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortall life ſhall have,
Though I (once gone) to all the world muſt dye,
The earth can yeeld me but a common grave,
When you intombed in mens eyes ſhall lie,
Your monument ſhall be my gentle verſe,
Which eyes not yet created ſhall ore-read,
And tongues to be, your being ſhall rehearſe.
When all the breathers of this world are dead,
You ſtill ſhall live (ſuch vertue hath my Pen)
Where breath moſt breaths, even in the mouths of men.

The Picture of true love.

It is the ſtarre to every wandring barke,
Whoſe worths unknowne, although his hight be taken.
Lov's not Times foole, though roſie lips and cheeks
Within his bending ſickles compaſſe come,
Love alters not with his breefe houres and weekes,
But beares it out even to the edge of doome:
If this be errour and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

In prayſe of his Love.

I Grant thou were not married to my Muſe,
And therefore mayſt without attaint ore-looke
The dedicated words which writers uſe
Of their faire ſubject, bleſſing every booke.
Thou art as faire in knowledge as in hew,
Finding thy worth a limmit paſt my praiſe,
And therefore art inforc'd to ſeeke anew,
Some freſher ſtampe of the time bettering dayes.
And doe ſo love, yet when they have devis'd,
What ſtrained touches Rhetorick can lend,
Thou truly faire, wert truly ſimpathiz'de,
In true plaine words, by thy true telling friend.
And their groſſe painting might be better us'd,
Where cheekes need blood, in thee it is abus'd.
I never ſaw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your faire no painting ſet,
I found (or thought I found) you did exceede,
The barren tender of a Poets debt:

And therefore have I ſlept in your report,
That you your ſelfe being extant well might ſhow,
How farre a moderne quill doth come to ſhort,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow,
This ſilence of my ſinne you did impute,
Which ſhall be moſt my glory being dumbe,
For I impaire not beautie being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tombe.
There lives more life in one of your faire eyes,
Then both your Poets can in praiſe deviſe.
Who is it that ſayes moſt, which can ſay more,
Then this rich praiſe, that you alone, art you,
In whole confine immured is the ſtore,
Which ſhould example where your equall grew,
Leane penurie within that Pen doth dwell,
That to his ſubject lends not ſome ſmall glory,
But he that writes of you if he can tell,
That you are you, ſo dignifies his ſtory.
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worſe what nature made ſo cleere,
And ſuch a counter-part ſhall fame his writ,
Making his ſtill admired every where.
You to your beautious bleſſings adde a curſe,
Being fond on praiſe, which makes your praiſes worſe.
My tongue tide Muſe in manners holds her ſtill,
While comments of your praiſe richly compil'd,
Reſerve their Character with golden quill

Hearing you praiſd, I ſay 'tis ſo, 'tis true,
And to the moſt of praiſe adde ſomething more,
But that is in my thought, whoſe love to you
(Though words come hind-moſt) holds his ranke before,
Then others, for the breath of words reſpect,
Me for my dumbe thoughts, ſpeaking in effect.

A Reſignation.

WAs it the proud full ſaile of his great verſe,
Bound for the prize of (all to precious) you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my braine inhearſe,
Making their tombe the wombe wherein they grew?
Was it his ſpirit, by ſpirites taught to write,
Above a mortall pitch, that ſtruck me dead?
No neither he, nor his compiers by night
Giving him ayde, my verſe aſtoniſhed.
He nor that affable familiar ghoſt
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my ſilence cannot boaſt,
I was not ſicke of any feare from thence.
But when your countenance fild up his line,
Then lackt I matter, that infeebled mine.
Farewell thou art too deare for my poſſeſſing,
And like enough thou know'ſt thy eſtimate,
The Charter of thy worth gives thee releaſing:
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how doe I hold thee but by thy granting,
And for that riches where is my deſerving?

The cauſe of this faire guift in me is wanting,
And ſo my patent backe againe is ſwerving.
Thy ſelfe thou gav'ſt, thy owne worth then not knowing,
Or me to whom thou gav'ſt it, elſe miſtaking,
So thy great guift upon miſpriſion growing,
Comes home againe, on better judgement making.
Thus have I had thee as a dreame doth flatter,
In ſleepe a King, but waking no ſuch matter.

Sympathizing love.

AS it fell upon a Day,
In the merry Moneth of May,
Sitting in a pleaſant ſhade,
Which a grove of Myrtles made,
Beaſts did leape, and Birds did ſing,
Trees did grow, and Plants did ſpring:
Every thing did baniſh mone,
Save the Nightingale alone,
She (poore Bird) as all forlorne,
Leand her breſt up-till a thorne,
And there ſung the dolefulſt Dittie,
That to heare it was great Pittie.

Ah (thought I) thou mournſt in vaine,
None takes pitty on thy paine:
Senſleſſe trees, they cannot heare thee,
Ruthleſſe Beares, they will not cheere thee,
King *Pandion*, he is dead:
All thy friends are lapt in Lead.
All thy fellow Birds doe ſing,
Careleſſe of thy ſorrowing.
Whilſt as fickle Fortune ſmild,
Thou and I, were both beguild.
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in miſery:
Words are eaſie, like the wind;
Faithfull friends are hard to finde:
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilſt thou haſte wherewith to ſpend:
But if ſtore of Crownes be ſcant,
No man will ſupply thy want,
If that one be prodigall,
Bountifull they will him call:
And with ſuch like flattering,
Pittie but he were a King.
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will intice.
If to women he be bent,
They have at Commandement
But if Fortune once doe frowne,
Then farewell his great renowne
They that fawnd on him before,
Vſe his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeede,
He will helpe thee in thy neede:

If thou ſorrow, he will weepe:
If thou awake, he cannot ſleepe:
Thus of every griefe, in heart
He, with thee, doth beare a part.
Theſe are certaine ſignes, to know
Faithfull friend, from flatt'ring foe

A requeſt to his ſcornefull Love.

WHen thou ſhalt be diſpos'd to ſet me light,
And place my merit in the eye of ſcorne,
Vpon thy ſide, againſt thy ſelfe Ile fight,
And prove thee vertuous, though thou art forſworne:
With mine owne weakeneſſe being beſt acquainted,
Vpon thy part I can ſet downe a ſtory
Of faults conceald, wherein I am attainted:
That thou in looſing me, ſhall win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too,
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to my ſelfe I doe,
Doing thee vantage duble vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I ſo belong,
That for thy right, my ſelfe will beare all wrong.

[redacted]

As Ile my ſelfe diſgrace, knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance ſtrangle and looke ſtrange:
Be abſent from thy walkes and in my tongue,
Thy ſweet belooved name no more ſhall dwell,
Leaſt I (too much prophane) ſhould do it wrong:
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, againſt my ſelfe Ile vow debate,
For I muſt nere love him whom thou doſt hate.
Then hate me when thou wilt, if ever, now,
Now while the world is bent my deeds to croſſe,
Ioyne with the ſpight of fortune, make me bow,
And doe not drop in for an after loſſe:
Ah doe not, when my heart hath ſcapt this ſorrow,
Come in the rereward of a conquered woe,
Give not a windy night a rainie morrow,
To linger out a purpoſd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, doe not leave me laſt,
When other petrie griefes have done their ſpight,
But in the onſet come, ſo ſhall I taſte
At firſt the very worſt of fortunes might.
And other ſtraines of woe, which now ſeeme woe,
Compar'd with loſſe of thee, will not ſeeme ſo.
Some glory in their birth, ſome in their skill,
Some in their wealth, ſome in their bodies force,
Some in their garments though new-fangled ill:
Some in their Hawkes and hounds, ſome in their Horſe.
And every humour hath his adjunct pleaſure,
Wherein it findes a joy above the reſt,
But theſe particulers are not my meaſure,
All theſe I better in one generall beſt.
Thy love is better then high birth to me,
Richer then wealth, prouder then garments coſt,

Of

Of more delight then Hawkes or Horſes be:
And having thee, of all mens pride I boaſt.
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayſt take,
All this away, and me moſt wretched make.

A Lovers affection though his Love prove unconſtant.

BVt doe thy worſt to ſteale thy ſelfe away,
For tearme of life thou art aſſured mine,
And life no longer then my love will ſtay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to feare the worſt of wrongs,
When in the leaſt of them my life hath end,
I ſee, a better ſtate to me belongs
Then that, which on my humour doth depend.
Thou canſt not vex me with inconſtant minde,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie,
Oh what a happy title doe I finde,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But whats ſo bleſſed faire that fares no blot,
Thou maiſt be falſe, and yet I know it not.
So ſhall I live, ſuppoſing thou art true,
Like a deceived huſband, ſo loves face

[redacted]

But heaven in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face ſweet love ſhould ever dwell,
What ere thy thoughts, or thy hearts workings be,
Thy lookes ſhould nothing thence, but ſweetneſſe tell.
How like Eves apple doth thy beautie grow,
If thy ſweet vertue anſwer not thy ſhow.
They that have power to hurt, and will doe none,
That doe not doe the thing, they moſt doe ſhow,
Who moving others, are themſelves as ſtone,
Vnmooved, cold, and to temptation ſlow:
They rightly doe inherit heavens graces,
And husband natures riches from expence,
They are the Lords and owners of their faces,
Others, but ſtewards of their excellence:
The ſommers flower is to the ſommer ſweet,
Though to it ſelfe, it onely live and die,
But if that flower with baſe infection meete,
The baſeſt weed out-braves his dignitie:
For ſweeteſt things turne ſowreſt by their deeds,
Lillies that feſter, ſmell farre worſe then weeds.
How ſweete and lovely doſt thou make the ſhame,
Which like a canker in the fragrant Roſe,
Doth ſpot the beautie of thy budding name?
Oh in what ſweets doeſt thou thy ſinnes incloſe!
That tongue that tells the ſtory of thy dayes,
(Making laſcivious comments on thy ſport)
Cannot diſpraiſe, but in a kind of praiſe,
Naming thy name, bleſſes an ill report.
Oh what a manſion have thoſe vices got,
Which for their habitation chooſe out thee,
Where beauties vaile doth cover every blot,
And all things turnes to faire, that eyes can ſee!

Take

Of more delight then Hawkes or Horſes be:
And having thee, of all mens pride I boaſt.
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayſt take,
All this away, and me moſt wretched make.

A Lovers affection though his Love proue unconſtant.

BVt doe thy worſt to ſteale thy ſelfe away,
For tearme of life thou art aſſured mine,
And life no longer then my love will ſtay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to feare the worſt of wrongs,
When in the leaſt of them my life hath end,
I ſee, a better ſtate to me belongs
Then that, which on my humour doth depend.
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Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But whats ſo bleſſed faire that feares no blot,
Thou maiſt be falſe, and yet I know it not.
So ſhall I live, ſuppoſing thou art true,
Like a deceived huſband, ſo loves face
May ſtill ſeeme love to me, though alter'd new:
Thy lookes with me, thy heart in other place.
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change,
In manies lookes, the falſe hearts hiſtory
Is writ in moods and frounes and wrinckles ſtrange.

Take heede (deere heart) of this large priviledge;
The hardeſt knife ill us'd doth looſe his edge.

Complaint for his Loves abſence.

HOw like a Winter hath my abſence beene
From thee, the pleaſure of the fleeting yeare?
What freezings have I felt, what darke daies ſeene?
What old Decembers bareneſſe every where?
And yet this time remov'd was ſummers time,
The teeming Autumne big with rich increaſe,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widdowed wombes after their Lords deceaſe:
Yet this abundant iſſue ſeem'd to me,
But hope of Orphans, and un-fathered fruite,
For Sommer and his pleaſures waite on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute.
Or if they ſing, tis with ſo dull a cheere,
That leaves looke pale, dreading the Winters neare.
From you have I beene abſent in the ſpring,
When proud pide Aprill (dreſt in all his trim)
Hath put a ſpirit of youth in every thing:
That heavie *Saturne* laught and leapt with him,
Yet nor the laies of birds nor the ſweet ſmell

They were but ſweete, but figures of delight:
Drawne after you, you patterne of all thoſe.
Yet ſeem'd it winter ſtill, and you away,
As with your ſhaddow I with theſe did play.
The forward violet thus did I chide,
Sweet theefe whence didſt thou ſteale thy ſweet that ſmels;
If not from my loves breath, the purple pride,
Which on thy ſoft cheeke for complexion dwells?
In my loves veines thou haſt too groſſely died,
The Lilly I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of Marjerom had ſtolne thy haire,
The Roſes fearefully on thornes did ſtand,
Our bluſhing ſhame, another white diſpaire:
A third nor red, nor white, had ſtolne of both,
And to his robbery had annext thy breath,
But for his theft in pride of all his growth,
A vengefull canker eate him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could ſee,
But ſweet, or colour it had ſtolne from thee.

An invocation to his Muſe.

WHere art thou Muſe that thou forgetſt ſo long,
To ſpeake of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spendſt thou thy fury on ſome worthleſſe ſong,
Darkning thy power to lend baſe ſubjects light.
Returne forgetfull Muſe, and ſtraight redeeme,
In gentle numbers time ſo idely ſpent,
Sing to the eare that doth thy laies eſteeme,
And give thy pen both skill and argument.

...eede (deere heart) of this large priviledge;
...rdest knife ill us'd doth loose his edge.

...omplaint for his Loves absence.

...bsence beene
... fleeting yeare?
...at freezings ... darke daies seene?
...at old Decembers ... every where?
...nd yet this time ren... sommers time,
The teeming Autum... rich increase,
Bearing the wanton b... the prime,
Like widdowed wom... heir Lords decease:
Yet this aboundant ifl... to me,
But hope of Orphans, and un-fathered fruite,
For Sommer and his pleasures waite on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute.
Or if they sing, tis with so dull a cheere,
That leaves looke pale, dreading the Winters neare.
From you have I beene absent in the spring,
When proud pide Aprill (drest in all his trim)
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing:
That heavie *Saturne* laught and leapt with him,
Yet nor the laies of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hew,
Could make me any sommers story tell:
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew.
Nor did I wonder at the Lillies white,
Nor praise the deepe Vermillion in the Rose.

They

They were but ſweete, but figures of delight:
Drawne after you, you patterne of all thoſe.
Yet ſeem'd it winter ſtill, and you away,
As with your ſhaddow I with theſe did play.
The forward violet thus did I chide,
Sweet theefe whence didſt thou ſteale thy ſweet that ſmels;
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In gentle numbers time ſo idely ſpent,
Sing to the eare that doth thy laies eſteeme,
And give thy pen both skill and argument.

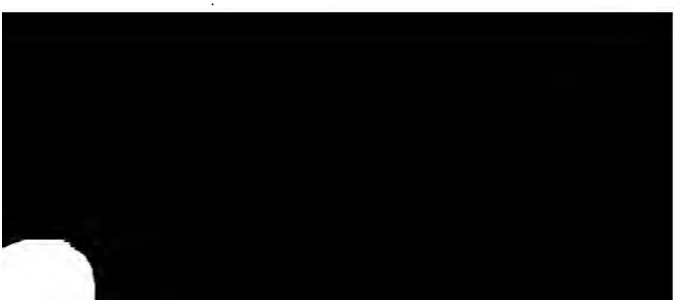
Riſe reſty Muſe, my loves ſweet face ſurvay,
If time have any wrincle graven there,
If any, be a *Satire* to decay,
And make times ſpoiles diſpiſed every where.
Give my love fame, faſter then time wafts life,
So thou preven'ſt his Sithe, and crooked knife.
Oh truant Muſe what ſhall be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beautie di'd?
But truth and beautie on my love depends:
So doſt thou too, and therein dignifi'd:
Make anſwer Muſe, wilt thou not haply ſay,
Truth needs no collour with his collour fixt,
Beautie no penſell, beauties truth to lay:
But beſt is beſt, if never intermixt.
Becauſe he needs no praiſe, wilt thou be dumbe?
Excuſe not ſilence ſo, for't lies in thee,
To make her much out-live a gilded tombe:
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then doe thy office muſe, I teach thee how,
To make her ſeeme long hence, as ſhe ſhowes now.

Conſtant affection.

TO me faire love you never can be old,

[redacted]

Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes burn'd,
Since firſt I ſaw you freſh which yet are greene.
Ah yet doth beautie like a Dyall hand,
Steale from his figure, and no place perceiv'd,
So your ſweete hew, which me thinkes ſtill doth ſtand
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceaved.
For feare of which, heare this thou age unbred,
Ere you were borne was beauties ſummer dead.
Let not my love be cal'd Idolatrie,
Nor my beloved as an Idoll ſhow,
Since all alike my ſongs and prayſes be
To one, of one, ſtill ſuch, and ever ſo.
Kind is my love to day, to morrow kind,
Still conſtant in a wondrous excellence,
Therefore my verſe to conſtancie confin'de,
One thing expreſſing, leaves out difference.
Faire, kinde, and true, is all my argument,
Faire, kinde and true, varrying to other words,
And in this change is my invention ſpent,
Three theames in one, which wondrous ſcope affords.
Faire, kinde, and true, have often liv'd alone.
Which three till now, never kept ſeate in one.
When in the Chronicle of waſted time,
I ſee diſcriptions of the faireſt wights,
And beautie making beautifull old rime,
In praiſe of Ladies dead, and lovely Knights,
Then in the blazon of ſweet beauties beſt,
Of hand, of foote, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I ſee their antique Pen would have expreſt,
Even ſuch a beautie as you maſter now.
So all their prayſes are but propheſies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring,



And for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not ſtill enough your worth to ſing:
For we which now behold theſe preſent dayes,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praiſe.

Amazement.

MY love is ſtrengthned though more weake in ſeeming
I love not leſſe, though leſſe the ſhow appeare,
That love is marchandiz'd, whoſe rich eſteeming,
The owners tongue doth publiſh every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the ſpring,
When I was wont to greet it with my laies,
As *Philomel* in Summers front doth ſing,
And ſtops his pipe in growth of riper dayes:
Not that the Summer is leſſe pleaſant now
Then when her mournefull himmes did huſh the night,
But that wild muſicke burthens every bow,
And ſweets growne common looſe their deare delight.
Therefore like her I ſometime hold my tongue:
Becauſe I would not dull you with my ſong.
Alack what povertie my Muſe brings forth,
That having ſuch a skope to ſhow her pride,
The argument all bare, is of more worth,
Then when it hath my added praiſe beſide.
Oh blame me not if I no more can write!
Looke in your glaſſe and there appeares a face,
That overgoes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me diſgrace.

Were it not ſinfull then ſtriving to mend,
To marre the ſubject that before was well,
For to no other paſſe my verſes tend,
Then of your graces and your gifts to tell.
And more, much more then in my verſe can ſit,
Your owne glaſſe ſhowes you, when you looke in it.

A Lovers excuſe for his long abſence.

O Never ſay that I was falſe of heart,
Though abſence ſeem'd my flame to qualliſie,
As eaſie might I from my ſelfe depart,
As from my ſoule which in thy breſt doth lye:
That is my home of love, if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels I returne againe,
Juſt to the time, not with the time exchang'd,
So that my ſelfe bring water for my ſtaine,
Never beleeve though in my nature raign'd,
All frailties that beſiege all kinds of blood,
That it could ſo preposterouſly be ſtain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy ſumme of good:
For nothing this wide Univerſe I call,
Save thou my Roſe, in it thou art my all.
Alas 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made my ſelfe a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine owne thoughts, ſold cheape what is moſt deare,
Made old offences of affections new.
Moſt true it is, that I have looke on truth
Aſconce and ſtrangely: But by all above,

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Theſe blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worſe affaies proou'd thee my beſt of love,
Now all is done, have what ſhall have no end.
Mine appetite I never more will grinde
On newer proofe, to trie an older friend,
A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the beſt,
Even to thy pure and moſt moſt loving breſt.

A complaint.

O For my ſake doe you wiſh fortune chide,
The guiltie goddeſſe of my harmeleſſe deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Then publick meanes which publicke manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almoſt thence my nature is ſubdu'd
To what it workes in, like the Dyers hand,
Pitty me then, and wiſh I were renu'de,
Whilſt like a willing patient I will drinke,
Potions of Eyſell gainſt my ſtrong infection,
No bitterneſſe that I will bitter thinke,
Nor double pennance to correct correction.

[redacted]

You are my All the world, and I muſt ſtrive,
To know my ſhames and prayſes from your tongue,
None elſe to me, nor I to none alive,
That my ſteel'd ſence or changes right or wrong.
In ſo profound *Abiſme* I throw all care
Of others voyces, that my Adders ſence,
To cryttick and to flatterer ſtopped are:
Marke how with my neglect I doe diſpence.
You are ſo ſtrongly in my purpoſe bred,
That all the world beſides me thinkes y'are dead.

Selfe flattery of her beautie.

SInce I left you, mine eye is in my minde,
And that which governes me to goe about,
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
Seemes ſeeing, but effectually is out:
For it no forme delivers to the heart
Of birds, or flower, or ſhape which it doth lack,
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his owne viſion houlds what it doth catch:
For if it ſee the rud'ſt or gentleſt ſight,
The moſt ſweet favour or deformedſt creature,
The mountaine, or the ſea, the day, or night:
The Crow, or Dove, it ſhapes them to your feature,
Incapable of more replear, with you,
My moſt true minde thus maketh mine untrue.
Or whether doth my minde being crown'd with you
Drinke up the monarchs plague this flattery?

Or whether ſhall I ſay mine eye ſaith true,
And that your love taught it this *Alcumie*
To make of monſters, and things indigeſt,
Such cherubins as your ſweet ſelfe reſemble,
Creating every bad a perfect beſt
As faſt as obiects to his beames aſſemble:
Oh tis the firſt, tis flattry in my seeing,
And my great mind moſt kindly drinkes it up,
Mine eye well knowes what with his guſt is greeing,
And to his pallat doth prepare the cup.
If it be poiſon'd, tis the leſſer ſinne,
That mine eye loves it and doth firſt beginne.
Thoſe lines that I before have writ doe lie,
Even thoſe that ſaid I could not love you dearer,
Yet then my judgement knew no reaſon why.
My moſt full flame ſhould afterwards burne clearer.
But reckoning time, whoſe millionid accidents
Creepe in twixt vowes, and change decrees of Kings,
Tan ſacred beautie, blunt the ſharp'ſt intents,
Divert ſtrong minds to th'courſe of altring things:
Alas why fearing of times tiranny,
Might I not then ſay now I love you beſt,
When I was certaine ore in-certaintie,
Crowning the preſent, doubting of the reſt:
Love is a Babe, then might I not ſay ſo
To give full growth to that which ſtill doth grow.

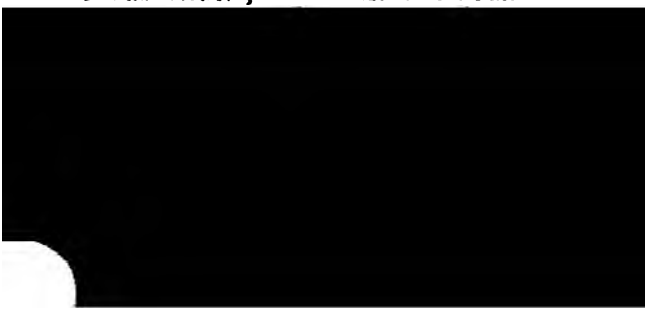
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds doe tie me day by day,
That I have frequent binne with unknowne minds,
And given to time your owne deare purchas'd right,
That I have hoysted saile to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Booke both my wilfulnesse and errour downe,
And on just proofe surmise, accumilate,
Bring me within the levell of your frowne,
But shoote not at me in your wakened hate;
Since my appeale sayes I did strive to proove
The constancy and vertue of your love.
Like as to make our appetites more keene
With eager compounds we our pallat urge,
As to prevent our malladies unseene,
We sicken to shun sicknesse when we purge.
Even so being full of your neare cloying sweetnesse,
To bitter sawces did I frame my feeding;
And sicke of wel-fare found a kinde of meetnesse,
To be diseas'd ere that there was true needing.
Thus pollicie in love t'anticipate
The ills that were, not grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthfull state
Which ranke of goodnesse would by ill be cured.
But thence I learne and find the lesson true,
Drugs poyson him that so fell sicke of you.
What potions have I drunke of Syren teares
Distil'd from Limbecks foule as hell within.
Applying feares to hopes, and hopes to feares,
Still loosing when I saw my selfe to win?
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought it selfe so blessed never?

How

How have mine eyes out of their Spheares beene fitted
In the diſtraction of this madding fever?
O benefit of ill, now I finde true
That better is, by evill ſtill made better.
And ruin'd love when it is built anew
Growes fairer then at firſt, more ſtrong, far greater.
So I returne rebuke to my content,
And gaine by ills thrice more then I have ſpent.

A good conſtruction of his Loves unkindneſſe.

THat you were once unkind befriends me now,
And for that ſorrow, which I then did feele,
Needes muſt I under my tranſgreſſion bow,
Vnleſſe my Nerves were braſſe or hammered ſteele.
For if you were by my unkindneſſe ſhaken
As I by yours, y'have paſt a hell of Time,
And I a tyrant have no leaſure taken
To waigh how once I ſuffered in your crime.
O that our night of woe might have remembred
My deepeſt ſence, how hard true ſorrow hits,
And ſoone to you, as you to me then tendred
The humble ſalve, which wounded boſomes fits!



Errour in opinion.

TIs better to be vile then vile eſteemed,
When not to be, receives reproach of being.
And the juſt pleaſure loſt, which is ſo deemed,
Not by our feeling, but by others ſeeing.
For why ſhould others falſe adulterat eyes
Give ſalutation to my ſportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer ſpies;
Which in their wils count bad what I thinke good?
No, I am that I am, and they that levell
At my abuſes, reckon up their owne,
I may be ſtraight though they themſelves be bevell
By their rancke thoughts, my deeds muſt not be ſhowne
Vnleſſe this generall evill they maintaine,
All men are bad and in their badneſſe raigne.

Vpon the receit of a Table Booke from his Miſtris.

THy guift, thy tables, are within my braine
Full characterd with laſting memory,
Which ſhall above that idle ranke remaine
Beyond all date even to eternitie.
Or at the leaſt, ſo long as braine and heart
Have facultie by nature to ſubſiſt,
Till each to raz'd oblivion yeeld his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miſt:

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That poore retention could not ſo much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy deare love to ſcore.
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To truſt thoſe tables that receave thee more,
To keepe an adjunckt to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulneſſe in me.

A Vow.

NO! Time, thou ſhalt not boaſt that I doe change,
Thy pyramyds built up with newer might
To me are nothing novell, nothing ſtrange,
They are but dreſſings of a former ſight:
Our dates are breefe, and therefore we admire,
What thou doſt foyſt upon us that is old,
And rather make them borne to our deſire,
Then thinke that we before have heard them told.
Thy regiſters and thee I both defie,
Not wondring at the preſent nor the paſt,
For thy records, and what we ſee doth lye,
Made more or leſſe by thy continuall haſte.
This I doe vow and this ſhall ever be,
I will be true diſpight thy Sithe and thee.

As ſubject to times love, or to times hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gathered.
No it was builded far from accident.
It ſuffers not in ſmiling pomp, nor falls
Vnder the blow of thralled diſcontent,
Whereto th'inviting time our faſhion calls:
It feares not policy that *Heriticke*,
Which workes on leaſes of ſhort numbred howers,
But all alone ſtands hugely politicke,
That it nor growes with heat, nor drownes with ſhowres.
To this I witneſſe call the fooles of time,
Which dye for goodneſſe, who have liv'd for crime.

An intreatie for her acceptance.

WEr't ought to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honoring,
Or layd great baſes for eternitie,
Which proves more ſhort then waſte or ruining?
Have I not ſeene dwellers on forme and favor
Loſe all, and more by paying too much rent
For compound ſweet; Forgoing ſimple ſavour,
Pittifull thrivors in their gazing ſpent.
No, let me be obſequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poore but free,
Which is not mixt with ſeconds, knowes no art,
But mutuall render, onely me for thee.
Hence, thou ſubborne *Informer*, a true ſoule
When moſt impeacht, ſtands leaſt in thy controule.

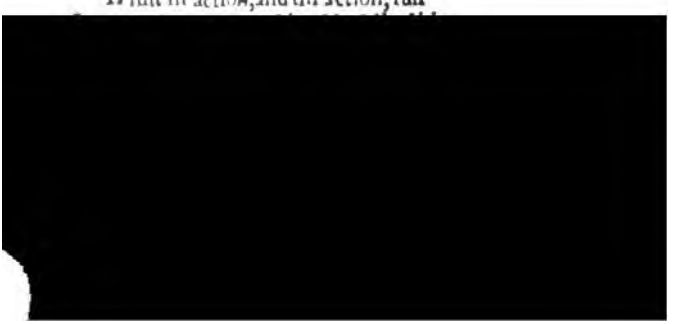
Vpon

Vpon her playing on the Virginalls.

HOw oft when thou thy muſicke muſicke playſt,
Vpon that bleſſed wood whoſe motion ſounds
With thy ſweet fingers when thou gently ſwayſt.
The wiry concord that mine eare confounds,
Doe I envie thoſe Iackes that nimble leape,
To kiſſe the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilſt my poore lips which ſhould that harveſt reape,
At the woods bouldneſſe by thee blushing ſtand.
To be ſo tickled they would change their ſtate,
And ſituation with thoſe dancing chips,
Ore whom their fingers walke with gentle gate,
Making dead wood more bleſt then living lips.
Since ſauſie Iackes ſo happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiſſe.

Immoderate Luſt.

THE expence of Spirit in a waſte of ſhame
Is luſt in action, and till action, luſt



Made in purſuit and in poſſeſſion ſo,
Had, having, and in queſt, to have extreame,
A bliſſe in proofe and proud and very woe,
Before a joy propoſd behind a dreame,
All this the world well knowes yet none knowes well,
To ſhun the haven that leads men to this hell.

In prayſe of her beautie though black.

IN the old age black was not counted faire,
Or if it were it bore not beauties name:
But now is blacke beauties ſucceſſive heire,
And Beautie ſlanderd with a baſtard ſhame,
For ſince each hand hath put on Natures power,
Fairing the foule with Arts falſe borrow'd face,
Sweet beautie hath no name no holy bower,
But is prophan'd, if not, lives in diſgrace.
Therefore my Miſtreſſe eyes are Raven blacke,
Her eyes ſo ſuted, and they mourners ſeeme,
At ſuch who not borne faire no beautie lack,
Slandering Creation with a falſe eſteeme,
Yet ſo they mourne becomming of their woe,
That every tongue ſayes beautie ſhould looke ſo,
My Miſtreſſe eyes are nothing like the Sunne,
Currall is farre more red, then her lips red,
If ſnow be white, why then her breſts are dun:
If haires be wiers, black wiers grow on her head:
I have ſeene Roſes, damaskt, red, and white,
But no ſuch Roſes ſee I in her cheekes,

And

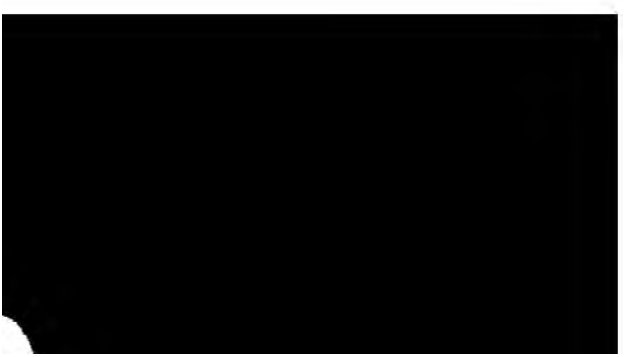
[illegible]

And in ſome perfumes is there more delight,
Then in the breath that from my Miſtreſſe reekes;
I love to heare her ſpeake, yet well I know,
That Muſicke hath a farre more pleaſing ſound;
I grant I never ſaw a goddeſſe goe,
My Miſtreſſe when ſhee walkes treads on the ground.
And yet by heaven I thinke my love as rare,
As any ſhe beli'd with falſe compare.
Thou art a tiranous, ſo as thou art,
As thoſe whoſe beauties proudly make them cruell;
For well thou know'ſt to my deare doting heart
Thou art the fareſt and moſt precious Iewell.
Yet in good faith ſome ſay that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love grone;
To ſay they erre I dare not be ſo bold,
Although I ſweare it to my ſelfe alone.
And to be ſure that is not falſe I ſweare
A thouſand grones but thinking on thy face,
One on anothers necke doe witneſſe beare
Thy blacke is fareſt in my judgements place.
In nothing art thou blacke ſave in thy deeds,
And thence this ſlander as I thinke proceeds.
Thine eyes I love, and they as pittying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with diſdaine,
Have put on blacke, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my paine.
And truly not the morning Sun of Heaven

To mourne for me ſince mourning doth thee grace,
And ſuite thy pittie like in every part.
Then will I ſweare beauty her ſelfe is blacke,
And all they foule that thy complection lacke.

Vnkinde Abuſe.

BE ſhrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deepe wound it gives my friend and me;
T'is not enough to torture me alone,
But ſlave to ſlavery my ſweet'ſt friend muſt be.
Me from my ſelfe thy cruell eye hath taken,
And my next ſelfe thou harder haſt ingroſſed,
Of him, my ſelfe, and thee I am forſaken,
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be croſſed:
Priſon my heart in thy ſteele boſomes ward,
But then my friends heart let my poore heart baile,
Who ere keepes me, let my heart be his garde,
Thou canſt not then uſe rigor in my laile.
And yet thou wilt, for I being pent in thee,
Perforce am plaine, and all that is in me.
So now I have confeſt that he is thine,
And I my ſelfe am morgag'd to thy will,
My ſelfe Ile forfeit, ſo that other mine,
Thou wilt reſtore to be my comfort ſtill:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kinde,
He learned but ſuretie-like to write for me,
Vnder that bond that him as faſt doth binde.



Poëms.

The ſtature of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou uſurer that put'ſt forth all to uſe,
And ſue a friend, came debtor for my ſake,
So him I looſe through my unkinde abuſe.
Him have I loſt, thou haſt both him and me,
He paies the whole, and yet I am not free.

A Love-Suite.

WHo ever hath her wiſh, thou haſt thy *Will*,
And *Will* too boote, and *Will* in over-plus,
More than enough am I that vexe thee ſtill,
To thy ſweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whoſe will is large and ſpacious,
Not once vouchſafe to hide my will in thine,
Shall will in others ſeeme right gracious,
And in my *will* no faire acceptance ſhine?
The ſea all water, yet receives raine ſtill,
And in abundance addeth to his ſtore,
So thou being rich in *Will* adde to thy *Will*,
One will of mine to make thy large *will* more.
Let no unkinde, no faire beſeechers kill,
Thinke all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

In things of great receipt with eaſe we proue,
Among a number one is reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me paſſe untold,
Though in thy ſtorts account I one muſt be,
For nothing hold me ſo it pleaſe thee hold,
That nothing me, a ſome-thing ſweet to thee.
Make but my name thy loue, and loue that ſtill,
And then thou loueſt me, for my name is *Will*.

His heart wounded by her eye.

THou blinde foole loue, what doſt thou to mine eyes,
That they behold and ſee not what they ſee:
They know what beauty is, ſee where it lies,
Yet what the beſt is, take the worſt to be.
If eyes corrupt by over-partiall lookes,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes falſehood haſt thou forged hookes,
Whereto the judgement of my heart is tide?
Why ſhould my heart thinke that a ſeuerall plot,
Which my heart knowes the wide worlds common place?
Or mine eyes ſeeing this, ſay this is not
To put faire truth upon ſo foule a face.
In things right true my heart and eyes haue erred,
And to this falſe plague are they now transferred.
O call not me to juſtifie the wrong,
That thy unkindneſſe layes upon my heart,
Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tongue,
Vſe power with power, and ſlay me not by Art,

Tell me thou lov'ſt elſe-where; but in my ſight,
Deare heart forbeare to glance thine eye aſide,
What needſt thou wound with cunning when thy might
Is more than my o're-preſt defence can bide?
Let me excuſe thee, ah my love well knowes,
Her prettie lookes have beene my enemies,
And therefore from my face ſhe turnes my foes,
That they elſe-where might dart their injuries.
Yet doe not ſo, but ſince I am neere ſlaine,
Kill me out-right with lookes, and rid my paine.
Be wiſe as thou art cruell, doe not preſſe
My tongue-tide patience with too much diſdaine:
Leaſt ſorrow lend me words and words expreſſe,
The manner of my pitty wanting paine.
If I might teach thee wit better it were,
Though not to love, yet love to tell me ſo,
As tedtie ſick-men when their deaths be neere,
No newes but health from their Phiſitions know.
For if I ſhould diſpaire I ſhould grow madde,
And in my madneſſe might ſpeake ill of thee,
Now this ill wreſting world is growne ſo bad,
Mad ſlanderers by madde eares beleeved be.
That I may not be ſo, nor thou be-lide,
Beare thine eyes ſtraight, though thy proud heart go wide.

A Proteſtation.

IN faith I doe not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thouſand errors note,

But

But 'tis my heart that loves what they diſpiſe,
Who in deſpight of view is pleaſd to dote.
Nor are mine eares with thy tongues tune delighted,
Nor tender feeling to baſe touches prone,
Nor taſte, nor ſmell, deſire to be invited
To any ſenſuall feaſt with thee alone:
But my five wits, nor my five ſenſes can
Diſwade one fooliſh heart from ſerving thee,
Who leaves unſwai'd the likeneſſe of a man,
Thy proud hearts ſlave and vaſſall wretch to be:
Onely my plague thus farre I count my gaine,
That ſhe that makes me ſinne, awards me paine.

Love is my ſinne, and my deare vertue hate,
Hate of my ſinne, grounded on ſinfull loving,
O but with mine, compare thou thine owne ſtate,
And thou ſhalt finde it merits not reproouing,
Or if it doe, not from thoſe lips of thine,
That have prophan'd their ſcarlet ornaments,
And ſeal'd falſe bonds of love as oft as mine,
Rob'd others beds reveneues of their rents.
Be it lawfull I love thee, as thou lov'ſt thoſe,
Whom thine eyes woe as mine importune thee,
Roote pitty in thy heart that when it growes,
Thy pitty may deſerve to pitried be.
If thou doſt ſeeke to have what thou doſt hide,
By ſelfe example mai'ſt thou be denide.

An Alluſion.

LOe as a carefull huſwife runnes to catch.
One of her feathered creatures broke away,

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Sets downe her babe and makes all ſwift diſpatch
In purſuite of the thing ſhe would have ſtay:
Whilſt her neglected child holds her in chace,
Cries to catch her, whoſe buſie care is bent,
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poore infants diſcontent;
So runſt thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilſt I thy babe chaſe thee a farre behind,
But if thou catch thy hope turne backe to mee:
And play the mothers part, kiſſe me, be kind.
So will I pray that thou maiſt have thy *will*,
If thou turne backe and my loud crying ſtill.

Life and death.

THoſe lips that Loves owne hand did make,
Breath'd forth the ſound that ſaid I hate,
To me that languiſht for her ſake:
But when ſhe ſaw my wofull ſtate,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever ſweet,
Was uſde in giving gentle doome:
And taught it thus a newe to greete:
I hate ſhe altered with an end,
That followd it as gentle day.

A Conſideration of death.

POore ſoule, the center of my ſinfull earth,
My ſinfull earth theſe rebell powers that thee aray,
Why doſt thou pine within and ſuffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls in coſtly gay?
Why ſo large coſt having ſo ſhort a leaſe,
Doſt thou upon thy fading manſion ſpend?
Shall wormes inheritors of this exceſſe,
Eate up thy charge? is this thy bodies end?
Then ſoule live thou upon thy ſervants loſſe,
And let that pine to aggrivate thy ſtore,
Buy tearmes divine in ſelling houres of droſſe:
VVithin be fed, without be rich no more.
So ſhalt thou feed on death, that feedes on men,
And death once dead, ther's no more dying then.

Immoderate Paſſion.

MY love is as a feaver longing ſtill,
For that which longer nurſeth the diſeaſe,
Feeding on that which doth preſerve the ill,
Th'uncertaine ſickly appetite to pleaſe:
My reaſon the Phiſition to my love,
Angry that his preſcriptions are not kept
Hath left me, and I deſperate now approve,
Deſire is death, which Phiſicke did except.

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Paſt cure I am, now Reaſon is paſt eare,
And franticke madde with ever-more unreſt,
My thoughts and my diſcourſe as mad mens are,
At randome from the truth vainely expreſt.
For I have ſwome thee faire, and thought thee bright,
Who art as blacke as hell, as darke as night.

Loves powerfull ſubtilty.

O Me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correſpondence with true ſight,
Or if they have, where is my judgement fled,
That cenſures falſely what they ſee aright?
If that be faire where on my falſe eyes dote,
What means the world to ſay it is not ſo?
If it be not, then Love doth well denote,
Loves eye is not ſo true as all mens: no
How can it? O how can Loves eye be true,
That is ſo vext with watching and with teares?
No marvell then though I miſtake my view,
The Sunne it ſelfe is ſmeard, all heaven cleeres.
O cunning love, with teares thou keepſt me blinde,
Leaſt eyes well ſeeing thy foule faults ſhould finde.

[redacted]

Nay if thou lowrſt on me, doe I not ſpend
Revenge upon my ſelfe with preſent mone,
What merit do I in my ſelfe reſpect,
That is ſo proud thy ſervice to diſpiſe,
When all my beſt doth worſhip thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes.
But love hate on for now I know thy minde,
Thoſe that can ſee thou lov'ſt, and I am blinde.
Oh from what power haſt thou this powrefull might,
With inſufficiency my heart to ſway,
To make me give the lie to my true ſight.
And ſweare that brightneſſe doth not grace the day?
Whence haſt thou this becomming of things ill,
That in the very refuſe of thy deeds,
There is ſuch ſtrength and warrantiſe of skill,
That in my minde thy worſt all beſt exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I heare and ſee juſt cauſe of hate,
Oh though I love what others doe abhorre,
With others thou ſhouldſt not abhorre my ſtate.
If thy unworthineſſe rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

Retaliation.

SO oft have I invok'd thee for my Muſe,
And found ſuch faire aſſiſtance in my verſe,
As every *Alien* Pen hath got my uſe,
And under thee their poeſie diſperſe.

Thine

Thine eyes that taught the dumbe on high to ſing,
And heavie ignorance aloft to flie,
Have added feathers to the learneds wing,
And given grace a double Majeſtie.
Yet be moſt proud of that which I compile,
Whoſe influence is thine, and borne of thee,
In others workes thou doſt but mend the ſtile,
And Arts with thy ſweete graces graced be.
But thou art all my Art, and doſt advance
As high as learning, my rude ignorance,
Whilſt I alone did call upon thy aide,
My verſe alone had all thy gentle grace,
But now my gracious numbers are decaide,
And my ſicke Muſe doth give another place.
I grant (ſweet love) thy lovely argument
Deſerves the travell of a worthier pen,
Yet what of thee thy Poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and payes it thee againe,
He lends thee vertue, and he ſtole that word,
From thy behaviour, beautie doth he give
And found it in thy cheeke: he can afford
No praiſe to thee, but what in thee doth live.
Then thanke him not for that which he doth ſay,
Since what he owes thee, thou thy ſelfe doſt pay.

Sunne Set.

THat time of yeare thou maiſt in mee behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few doe hang

Vpon

Vpon thoſe boughes which ſhake againſt the cold
Bare ruin'd quires, where late the ſweet birds ſang.
In me thou ſeeſt the twi-lights of ſuch day,
As after Sun-ſet fadeth in the Weſt,
Which by and by blacke night doth take away,
Deaths ſecond ſelfe that ſeales up all in reſt.
In me thou ſeeſt the glowing of ſuch fire,
That on the aſhes of his youth doth lie,
As the death bed whereon it muſt expire,
Conſum'd with that which it was nurriſht by.
This thou perceiv'ſt, which makes thy love more ſtrong,
To love that well, which thou muſt leave ere long.
Thy glaſſe will ſhew thee how thy beauties were,
Thy dyall how thy precious minutes waſte,
The vacant leaves thy mindes imprint will beare,
And of this booke, this learning maiſt thou taſte.
The wrinckles which thy glaſſe will truely ſhow,
Of mouthed graves will give the memory,
Thou by thy dyals ſhady ſtealth maiſt know,
Times theeviſh progreſſe to eternity.
Looke what thy memory cannot containe,
Commit to theſe waſte blacks, and thou ſhalt finde,
Thoſe children nurſt, delivered from thy braine,
To take a new acquaintance of thy minde.
Theſe offices ſo oft as thou wilt looke,
Shall profit thee, and much inrich thy booke.

A monument to Fame.

NOt mine owne feares, nor the propheticke ſoule,
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,

Can

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Can yet the leaſe of my true love controule
Suppoſde as forfeit to a confin'd doome.
The mortall Moone hath her eclipſe indur'd
And the ſad Augurs mocke their owne preſage,
Incertainties now crowne themſelves aſſur'd,
And peace proclaimes Olives of endleſſe age.
Now with the droppes of this moſt balmie time,
My love lookes freſh, and death to me ſubſcribes,
Since ſpight of him Ile live in this poore rime,
While he inſults ore dull and ſpeechleſſe tribes.
And thou in this ſhalt finde thy monument,
When tyrants creſts and tombs of braſſe are ſpent.
What's in the braine that inke may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true ſpirit,
What's new to ſpeake, what now to regiſter,
That may expreſſe my love, or thy deare merit?
Nothing ſweet-love, but yet like prayers divine,
I muſt each day ſay ore the very ſame,
[illegible] old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
[illegible] firſt I [illegible] the faire name.
S[illegible] eternall love in loves freſh caſe,
W[illegible] dust and injuries of age,
[illegible] wrinkles place,
[illegible] for aye his page,
[illegible] conceit of love there bred,
W[illegible] and forme would ſhew it dead.

Then gentle cheater urge not my amiſſe,
Leaſt guilty of my faults thy ſweet ſelfe prove.
For thou betraying me, I doe betray
My nobler part to my groſſe bodies treaſon,
My ſoule doth tell my body that he may,
Triumph in love, fleſh ſtaies no farther reaſon,
But riſing at thy name doth point out thee,
As his triumphant prize, proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poore drudge to be
To ſtand in thy affaires, fall by thy ſide.
No want of conſcience hold it that I call,
Her love, for whoſe deare love I riſe and fall.
In loving thee thou know'ſt I am forſworne,
But thou art twice forſworne to me love ſwearing,
In act thy bed-vow broake and new faith torne,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing:
But why of two oathes breach doe I accuſe thee,
When I breake twenty: I am periur'd moſt,
For all my vowes are oathes but to miſuſe thee:
And all my honeſt faith in thee is loſt.
For I have ſworne deepe oathes of thy deepe kindneſſe:
Oathes of thy love, thy truth, thy conſtancie,
And to enlighten thee gave eyes to blindneſſe,
Or made them ſweare againſt the thing they ſee.
For I have ſworne thee faire: more periur'd eye,
To ſweare againſt the truth ſo foule a lie.

The Tale of Cephalus *and* Procris.

BEneath Hymettus hill well cloath'd with flowers,
A holy Well her ſoft ſprings gently powers,

Where

Where ſtands a Copſe, in which the wood-Nymphs ſtrow,
(No wood) it rather ſeemes a ſlender Grove.
The humble ſhrubs and buſhes hide the graſſe,
Here Lawrell, Roſemary, here Myrtill was.
Here grew thicke Box, and *Tam'rix*, that excells,
And made a meere confuſion of ſweet ſmells:
The Triffoly, the Pine, and on this Heath
Stands many a plant that feeles coole *Zephirs* breath.
Here the young *Cephalus* tyr'd in the chace,
Vſd his repoſe and reſt alone t'embrace,
And where he ſat, theſe words he would repeate,
Come Ayre, ſweete Ayre, come coole my heate:
Come gentle Ayre, I never will forſake thee,
Ile hug thee thus, and in my bolome take thee.
Some double durious Tel-tale hapt to heare this,
And to his jealous wife doth ſtraight-way beare this.
Which *Procris* hearing, and with all the Name
Of Ayre, (ſweete Ayre) which he did oft proclaime,
She ſtands confounded, and amaz'd with griefe,
Be giving this fond tale too ſound beleefe.
And lookes as doe the trees by Winter nipt,
Whom Froſt and cold, of fruit and leaves halfe ſtript,
She bends like corveile, when too ranke it growes,
Or when the ripe fruits clog the Quince-tree bowes:
But when ſhe comes t'her ſelfe, ſhe teares
Her Garments, her eyes, her cheekes, and haires,

What meanſt thou *Procris* in theſe Groves to hide thee?
What rage of love doth to this madneſſe guide thee?
Thou hop'ſt the Ayre he cals, in all her braverie
Will ſtraight approach, and thou ſhalt ſee their knavery?
And now againe it Irkes her to be there,
For ſuch a killing ſight her heart will teare.
No truce can with her troubled thoughts diſpence,
She would not now be there, nor yet be thence:
Behold the place: her jealous minde foretels,
Here doe they Vſe to meete, and no where elſe:
The Graſſe is laid, and ſee their true impreſſion.
Even here they lay: I, here was their tranſgreſſion.
A bodies print ſhe ſaw, it was his ſeate,
Which makes her faint heart gainſt her ribs to beate,
Phœbus the lofty Eaſterne Hill had ſcald,
And all moiſt vapours from the earth exhald:
Now in his noone-tide point he ſhineth bright,
It was the middle houre, twixt noone and night:
Behold young *Cephalus* drawes to the place,
And with the Fountaine water ſprinkes his face,
Procris is hid, upon the graſſe he lies,
And come ſweete *Zephyr*, Come ſweet Ayre he cryes.
She ſees her error now from where he ſtood,
Her mind returnes to her, and her freſh blood,
Among the Shrubs and Briers ſhe moves and ruſtles,
And the injurious boughes away ſhe juſtels,
Intending, as he lay there to repoſe him,
Nimbly to run, and in her armes incloſe him:
He quickly caſts his eye upon the buſh,
Thinking therein ſome ſavage beaſt did ruſh,
His bow he bends, and a keene ſhaft he drawes,
Vnhappy man, what doſt thou? Stay and pauſe.

To

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It is no brute beaſt thou wouldſt reave of life;
(Oh man unhappy) thou haſt ſlaine thy wife!
Oh Heaven ſhe cries, Oh helpe me I am ſlaine,
Still doth thy Arrow in my wound remaine,
Yet though by timeleſſe Fate my bones here lie,
It glads me moſt, that I, no Cuck-queane die:
Her breath (thus in the Armes ſhe moſt affected,)
She breaths into the Ayre (before ſuſpected
The whilſt he lifts her body from the ground,
And with his teares doth waſh her bleeding wound.

Cupids Treacherie.

Cupid laid by his brand and fell aſleepe,
A maide of *Dians* this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly ſteepe
In a' cold vallie-fountaine of that ground:
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love,
A dateleſſe lively heate ſtill to endure,
And grew a ſeething bath which yet men prove,
Againſt ſtrange maladies a ſoveraigne cure:
But at my miſtres eye loves brand new fired,
Thy boy for triall needes would touch my breaſt,

Whilſt many Nymphes that vow'd chaſt life to keepe,
Came tripping by, but in her maiden hand,
The faireſt votary tooke up that fire,
Which many Legions of true hearts had warm'd,
And ſo the Generall of hot deſire,
Was ſleeping by a Virgin hand diſarm'd.
This brand ſhe quenched in a coole Well by,
Which from loves fire tooke heate perpetuall,
Growing a bath and healthfull remedy,
For men diſeas'd, but I my Miſtreſſe thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Loves fire heates water, water cooles not love.

That Menelaus *was cauſe of his owne wrongs.*

When *Menelaus* from his houſe is gone,
Poore *Helen* is afraid to lie alone;
And to allay theſe feares (lodg'd in her breaſt)
In her warme boſome ſhe receives her gueſt:
What madneſſe was this? *Menelaus*, ſay
Thou art abroad whilſt in thy houſe doth ſtay
Vnder the ſelfe-ſame roofe, thy Gueſt, and Love?
Mad-man unto the Hawke thou truſts the Dove.
And who but ſuch a Gull, would give to keepe
Vnto the Mountaine Wooſe full folds of Sheepe:
Helen is blameleſſe, ſo is *Paris* too,
And did what thou, or I my ſelfe would doe.

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The fault is thine I tell thee to thy face,
By limiting these Lovers, Time and Place.
From thee the seedes of all thy wrongs are growne,
Whose Counsels leave they followed, but thine owne?
(Alacke) what should they doe? Abroad thou art,
At home thou leavest thy Guest to play thy part:
To lie alone, the (poore Queene is affraid,
In the next roome an Amorous stranger staid.
Her armes are ope to embrace him, he falls in,
And *Paris* I acquit thee of the sinne.

And in another place somewhat resembling this.

Orestes liked, but not loved dearely
Hermione, till he had lost her clearely:
Sad *Menelaus*, why dost thou lament
Thy late mishap? I prethee be content:
Thou knowest the amorous *Helen* faire and sweet,
And yet without her didst thou smile to *Greet*,
And thou wast blithe and merry all the way.
But when thou saw'st she was the *Trojans* prey.
Then wast thou mad for her, and for thy life,
Thou canst not now one minute want thy wife.
So stout *Achilles*, when his lovely Bride
Briseis, was dispos'd to great *Atride*.
Nor was he vainely mov'd: *Atrides* too
Offer'd no more than he of force must doe:

Vulcan was Iupiters *Smith, an excellent workeman, on whom the Poets father many rare Workes, among which, I find this one.*

Mars and *Venus.*

THis Tale is blaz'd through heaven, how once unware
Venus and *Mars* were tooke in *Vulcans* ſnare:
The god of Warre doth in his brow diſcover,
The perfect and true patterne of a Lover:
Nor could the Goddeſſe *Venus* be ſo cruell
To deny *Mars* (ſoft kindneſſe is a Iewell
In any woman, and becomes her well)
In this the Queene of love doth moſt excell:
(Oh heaven) how often have they mockt and floured
The Smiths pole-foote (whilſt nothing he miſdoubted)
Made Ieſts of him and his begrimed trade,
And his ſmoog'd viſage, blacke with Cole-duſt made:
Mars, tickled with loud laughter, when he ſaw
Venus like *Vulcan* limpe, to halt and draw
One foot behinde another, with ſweet grace
To counterfeit his lame, uneven pace.
Their meetings firſt the Lovers hide with feare,
From every jealous eye, and captious eare.
The God of Warre, and Loves lacivious dame,
In publike view were full of baſhfull ſhame;
But the *Sunne* ſpies, how this ſweet paire agree,
(Oh what bright *Phœbus*, can be hid from thee?)
The *Sunne* both ſees and blabs the ſight forthwith.
And in all poſt he ſpeeds to tell the Smith:
(Oh *Sunne*) what bad examples doſt thou ſhow?

What thou in ſecret ſeeſt muſt all men know?
For ſilence, aske a bribe from her faire treaſure,
Shee'le grant thee that ſhall make thee ſwell with pleaſure.
The god whoſe face is ſmoog'd with ſmoke and fire,
Placeth about their bed a net of Wire,
So quaintly made, that it deceives the eye
Streight (as he feignes) to Lemnos he muſt hie?
The Lovers meete, where he the traine hath ſet,
And both lie faſt catcht in a wiery net:
He calls the gods, the Lovers naked ſprall
And cannot riſe, the Queene of Love thewes all.
Mars chides, and *Venus* weepes, neither can ſtinch,
Grappled they lie, in vaine they kicke and winch:
Their legges are one within another tide,
Their hands ſo faſt that they can nothing hide:
Amongſt theſe high Spectators, one by chance
That ſaw them naked in this pitfall dance:
Thus to himſelfe ſaid: If it tedious be
Good god of Warre, beſtow thy place on me.

The Hiſtory how the Mynotaure *was begot.*

IDa of Cædars, and tall Trees ſtand full,
Where fed the glory of the Horned Ox Bull

Envies the wanton Heyfers to the death.
Tis ſaid, that for this Bull the doting laſſe,
Did uſe to crop young boughes, and mow freſh graſſe,
Nor was the Amorous *Cretan* Queene a ſtraid
To grow a kinde Companion to the Heard:
Then through the Champion ſhe is madly borne
And a wilde Bull, to *Minos* gives the horne.
Tis not for bravery he can love or loath thee.
Then why *Paſiphae* doſt thou richly cloth thee?
Why ſhouldſt thou thus thy face and lookes prepare?
What makeſt thou with thy glaſſe ordering thy haire?
Vnleſſe thy glaſſe could make thee ſeeme a Cow,
But how can hornes grow on that tender brow?
If *Minos* pleaſe thee, no Adulterer ſeeke thee,
Or if thy husband *Minos* doe not like thee,
But thy laſcivious thoughts are ſtill increas'd.
Deceive him with a man, not with a beaſt:
Thus by the Queene the wilde Woods are frequented,
And leaving the Kings bed, ſhe is contented
To uſe the Groves, borne by the rage of minde,
Even as a ſhip with a full Eaſterne winde;
Some of theſe Strumpet-Heyfers the Queene ſlew,
Her ſmoaking Altars their warme bloods imbrew,
Whilſt by the ſacrificing Prieſt ſhe ſtands,
And gripes their trembling entrailes in her hands;
At length, the Captaine of the Heard beguil'd,
With a Cowes skin, by curious Art compil'd,
The longing Queene obtaines her full deſire,
And in her infants birth bewraies the Sire.

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T[illegible] himſelfe ſaid: If it tedious be
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[illegible] Cædars, and tall T[illegible]
[illegible]ere fed the glory [illegible]
[illegible]w-white) ſave [illegible]
[illegible]e that one ſh[illegible]
[illegible]is faire Se[illegible]

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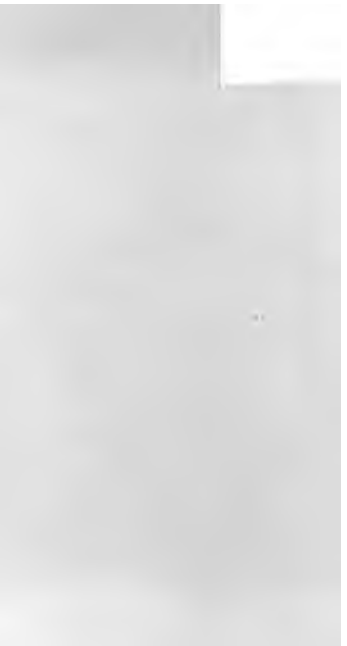

Thou ſearcheſt ſtrange Arts, who would thinke by skill,
A heavie man, like a light bird ſhould ſtray,
And through the empty Heavens finde a way.
He placeth in juſt order all his Quils,
Whoſe bottomes with reſolved waxe he fills,
Then binds them with a line, and being faſt tide,
He placeth them like Oares on either ſide,
The tender Lad the downy Feathers blew,
And what his Father meant, he nothing knewe:
The waxe he faſtned, with the ſtrings he plaide
Not thinking for his ſhoulders they were made,
To whom his Father ſpake (and then looke pale)
With theſe ſwift Ships, we to our Land muſt ſaile.
All paſſages doth cruell *Minos* ſtop,
Onely the empty Ayre he ſtill leaves ope.
That way muſt we; the Land and the rough deepe
Doth *Minos* barre, the ayre he cannot keepe:
But in thy way beware thou ſet no eye
On the ſigne *Virgo*, nor *Boetes* hye;
Looke not the blacke *Orion* in the face
That ſhakes his Sword, but juſt with me keepe pace.
Thy wings are now in faſtning, faſtning, follow me,
I will before thee fly as thou ſhalt ſee,
Thy Father mount, or ſtoope, ſo I aread thee,
Make me thy Guard, and ſafely I will lead thee:
If we ſhould ſoare to neere great *Phœbus* ſeate,
The melting Waxe will not endure the heate,
Or if we flie too neere the Humid Seas,
Our moyſtened wings we cannot ſhake with eaſe.
Fly betweene both, and with the guſts that riſe,
Let thy light body ſaile amidſt the skies,
And ever as his little ſonne he charmes,

He fits the feathers to his tender Armes:
And ſhewes him how to move his body light,
As Birds firſt teach their little young ones flight:
By this he calls to Counſell all his wits.
And his owne wings unto his ſhoulders fits,
Being about to riſe, he fearefull quakes,
And in this new way his faint body ſhakes:
Firſt ere he tooke his flight, he kiſ'd his ſonne,
Whilſt by his cheekes the briniſh waters runne:
There was a Hillocke not ſo towring tall
As lofty Mountaines be, nor yet ſo ſmall
To be with Valleyes even, and yet a hill.
From this thus both attempt their uncouth skill:
The Father moves his wings, and with reſpect
His eyes upon his wandring ſonne reflect:
They beate a ſpacious courſe, and the apt boy
Feareleſſe of harme, in his new traft doth joy,
And flies more boldly: Now upon them looke
The Fiſhermen, that angle in the brookes,
And with their eyes caſt upward, frighted ſtand,
By this is *Samos* Iſle on their left hand,
Vpon the right *Lebinthos* they forſake,
Aſtipalea and the Fiſhie Lake.
Shady *Pachine* full of Woods and Groves.
When the raſh youth too bold in venturing, roves;
Looſeth his guide, and takes his flight ſo high

He ſee blacke night and death before his eyes,
Still melts the waxe, his naked armes he ſhakes,
And thinking to catch hold, no hold hee takes:
But now the naked Lad downe headlong falls,
And by the way, he Father, Father calls:
Helpe Father helpe, I die, and as he ſpeakes,
A violent ſurge his courſe of language breakes.
Th'unhappy Father, but no Father now,
Cries out aloud, Sonne *Icarus* where art thou?
Where art thou *Icarus*, where doſt thou flie?
Icarus where art? When lee he may eſpie
The Feathers ſwim, aloud he doth exclaime,
The earth his bones, the Sea ſtill beares his name.

Achilles *his concealement of his Sex in the Court of* Lycomedes.

NOw from another World doth ſaile with joy,
A welcome daughter to the King of *Troy*,
The whilſt the *Grecians* are already come,
(Mov'd with that generall wrong 'gainſt *Ilium*:)
Achilles in a Smocke, his Sex doth ſmother,
And laies the blame upon his carefull mother,
What mak'ſt thou great *Achilles*, teazing Wooll,
When *Pallas* in a Helme ſhould claſpe thy Scul:?
What doth theſe fingers with fine threds of gold?
Which were more fit a Warlike Shield to hold.
Why ſhould that right hand, Rocke or Tow containe,

By

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By which the *Trojan Hector* muſt be ſlaine?
Caſt off thy looſe vailes, and thy Armour take,
And in thy hand the Speare of *Pelias* ſhake.
Thus Lady-like he with a Lady lay,
Till what he was, muſt her belly bewray.
Yet was ſhe force't (ſo ſhould we all beleeve)
Nor to be force't ſo, now her heart would grieve:
When he ſhould riſe from her, ſtill would ſhe crie,
(For he had arm'd him, and his Rocke laid by)
And with a ſoft voyce ſpake: *Achilles* ſtay,
It is too ſoone to riſe, lie downe I pray.
And then the man that force't her, ſhe would kiſſe,
What force (*Deladamia*) call you this?

A Lovers Complaint.

FRom off a hill whoſe concave wombe reworded,
A plaintfull ſtory from a ſiſtring vale
My ſpirits t'attend this double voyce accorded,
And downe I laid to liſt the ſad tun'd tale,
Ere long eſpied a fickle maide full pale,
Tearing of Papers, breaking rings atwaine,

He ſee blacke night and death before his eyes,
Still melts the waxe, his naked armes he ſhakes,
And thinking to catch hold, no hold hee takes:
But now the naked Lad downe headlong falls,
And by the way, he Father, Father calls:
Helpe Father helpe, I die, and as he ſpeakes,
A violent ſurge his courſe of language breakes.
Th'unhappy Father, but no Father now,
Cries out aloud, Sonne *Icarus* where art thou?
Where art thou *Icarus*, where doſt thou flie?
Icarus where art? When loe he may eſpie
The Feathers ſwim, aloud he doth exclaime,
The earth his bones, the Sea ſtill beares his name.

Achilles *his concealement of his Sex in the Court of* Lycomedes.

NOw from another World doth ſaile with joy,
A welcome daughter to the King of *Troy*,
The whilſt the *Grecians* are already come,
(Mov'd with that generall wrong 'gainſt *Ilium*:)
Achilles in a Smocke, his Sex doth ſmother,
And laies the blame upon his carefull mother,
What mak'ſt thou great *Achilles*, teazing Wooll,
When *Pallas* in a Helme ſhould claſpe thy Scull?
What doth theſe fingers with fine threds of gold?
Which were more fit a Warlike Shield to hold.
Why ſhould that right hand, Rocke or Tow containe,

By

[illegible]

Bidding them finde their Sepulchers in mud,
Found yet moe letters ſadly pen'd in blood,
With ſleided ſilke, feate and affectedly
Enſwath'd and ſeal'd to curious ſecrecie.
Theſe often bath'd ſhe in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiſ'd, and often gave to teare,
Cried, O falſe blood, thou regiſter of lies,
What unapproved witneſſe doſt him beare!
Inke would have ſeem'd more blacke and damned here!
This ſaid in top of rage the lines ſhe rents,
Bigge diſcontent, ſo breaking their contents.
A reverend man that grac'd his caſtell nie,
Sometime a blufterer that the ruffle knew,
Of Court, of Cittie, and had let goe by,
The ſwifteſt houres obſerved as they flew,
Towards this afflicted fancy faſtly drew:
And privileg'd by age, deſires to know,
In briefe, the grounds and motives of her woe.
So ſlides he downe upon his grayned bat;
And comely diſtent ſits he by her ſide,
When he againe deſires her, being ſat,
Her grievance with his hearing to deuide:
If that from him there may be ought applied,
Which may her ſuffering extaſie aſſwage,
Tis promis'd in the charitie of age.
Father the ſaies, though in me you behold

Bidding them finde their Sepulchers in mud,
Found yet moe letters ſadly pen'd in blood,
With ſleided ſilke, feate and affectedly
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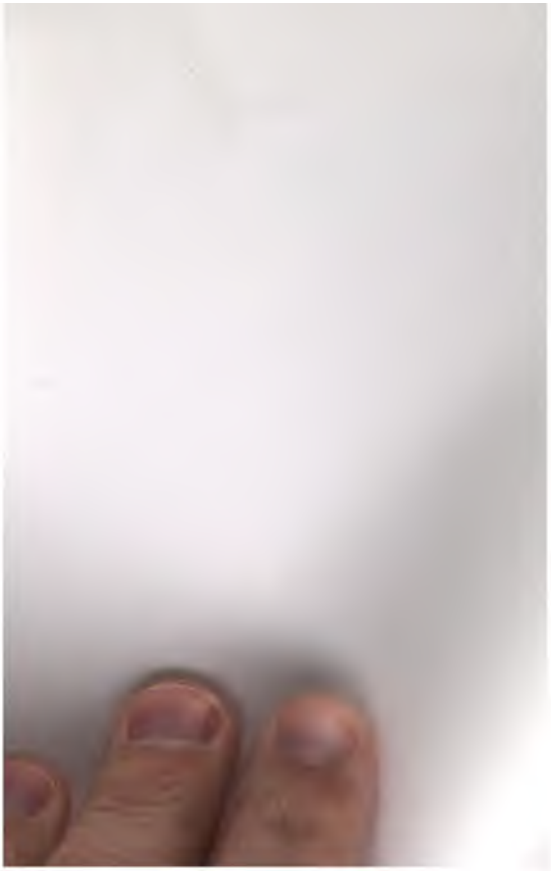
Inke would have ſeem'd more blacke and damned here!
This ſaid in top of rage the lines ſhe rents,
Bigge diſcontent, ſo breaking their contents.
A reverend man that grax'd his cattell nie,
Sometime a blufterer that the ruffle knew,
Of Court, of Cittie, and had left got by,
The twifteſt houres obſerved as they flew,
Towards this afflicted fancy fadly drew:
And priviledg'd by age, deſires to know,
In briefe, the grounds and motives of her woe.
So ſlides he downe upon his grayned bat,
And comely diſtent ſits he by her ſide,
When he againe deſires her, being ſat,
Her grievance with his hearing to deuide:
If that from him there may be vſuht applied,
Which may her ſuffering extaſie aſſuage,
Tis promis'd in the charitie of age.
Father ſhe ſaies, though in me you behold
The injurie of many a blaſting houre;
Let it not tell your judgement I am old,
Not age, but ſorrow, over me hath power,
I might as yet have beene a ſpreading flower,
Freſh to my ſelfe, if I had ſelfe applied
Love to my ſelfe, and to no Love beſide.

Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his mannag'd, by'th well-doing Steede.
But quickly on this side the verdict went,
His reall habitude gave life and grace
To appertanings and to ornament,
Accomplisht in himselfe not in his case:
All aids themselves made fairer by their place,
Can for additions, yet their purpos'd trimme
Peec'd not his grace but were all grac'd by him.
So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kinde of arguments and questions deepe,
All replication prompt, and reason strong
For his advantage still did weke and sleepe,
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weepe:
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will,
That he did in the generall bosome raigne
Of young, of old, and sexes both inchanred,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remaine
In personall duty, following where he haunted,
Consent's bewitcht, ere he desire have granted,
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
Askt their owne wills and made their wills obey.
Many there were that did his picture get
To serve their eyes and in it put their minde,
Like fooles that in th' imaginat on set
[redacted]

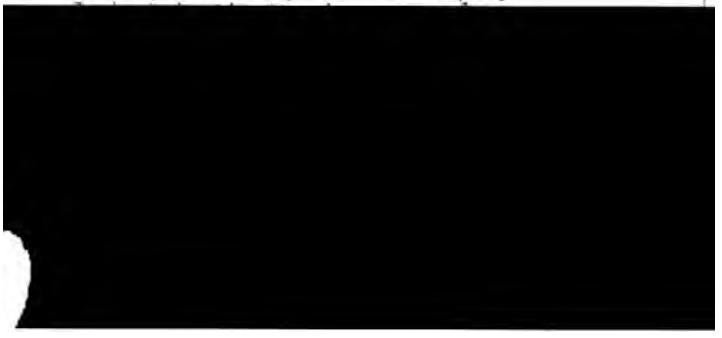
My wofull ſelfe that did in freedome ſtand,
And was my owne fee ſimple not (in part)
What with his art in youth and youth in art
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reſerv'd the ſtalke and gave him all my flowers.
Yet did I not as ſome my equalls did
Demand of him, nor being deſired yeelded,
Finding my ſelfe in honour ſo forbid,
With ſateſt diſtance I my honour ſhielded,
Experience for me many bulwarkes builded
Of proofes new bleeding which remain'd the foile
Of this falſe Iewell, and his amorous ſpoile.
But ah who ever ſhunn'd by precedent,
The deſtin'd ill ſhe muſt her ſelfe aſſay,
Or forc'd examples gainſt her owne content,
To put the by-paſt perills in her way?
Counſaile may ſtop a while what will not ſtay:
For when we rage, advice is often ſeene
By blunting us to make our wits more keene.
Nor gives it ſatisfaction to our blood,
That wee muſt curbe it upon others proofe,
To be forbid the ſweets that ſeemes ſo good,
For feare of harmes that preach in our behoofe.
O appetite from judgement ſtand aloofe!
The one a pallat hath that needs will taſte,
Though reaſon weepe and cry it is thy laſt.
For further I could ſay this mans untrue,
And knew the patternes of his foule beguiling,
Heard where his plants in others Orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his ſmiling,
Knew vowes, were ever brokers to defiling,
Thought Characters and words meerely but art,

And

And baſtards of his foule adulterate heart.
And long upon theſe termes I held my Citty,
Till thus he gan beſi ge me : Gentle maide,
Have of my ſuffering youth ſome feeling pitty,
And be not of my holy vowes afraid,
Thats to yee ſworne to none was ever ſaid,
For feaſts of love I have beene call'd unto
Till now, did nere invite nor never vow.
All my offences that abroad you ſee
Are errors of the blood none of the minde :
Love made them not, with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kinde,
They ſought their ſhame that ſo their ſhame did finde:
And ſo much leſſe of ſhame in me remaines,
By how much of me their reproach containes.
Among the many that mine eyes have ſeene,
Not one whoſe flame my heart ſomuch as warmed,
Or my affection put to th' ſmalleſt teene,
Or any of my leaſures ever Charmed,
Harme have I done to them but nere was harm'd :
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine owne was free,
And raign'd commanding in his Monarchy.
Looke here what tributes wounded fancies ſent me,
Of palid pearles, and rubies red as blood :
Figuring that they their paſſions likewiſe lent me
Of griefe and bluſhes, aptly underſtood
Their blood leſſe white, and the encrimſon'd mood,



But oh my ſweet what labour iſt to leave,
The thing we have not, maſtring; what not ſtrives,
Playing the Place which did no forme receive,
Playing patient ſports in unconſtrain'd gives,
She that her fame ſo to her ſelfe contrives,
The ſcarres of battell ſcapeth by the flight,
And makes her abſence valiant, not her might.
Oh pardon me in that my boaſt is true,
The accident which brought me to her eye,
Vpon the moment did her force ſubdue,
And now ſhe would the caged cloiſter flie:
Religious love put out Religions eye:
Not to be tempted would ſhe be inur'd,
And now to tempt all liberrie procur'd.
How mightie then you are, Oh heare me tell,
The broken boſomes that to me belong,
Have emptied all their fountaines in my well:
And mine I powre your Ocean all among:
I ſtrong o're them, and you o're me being ſtrong,
Muſt for your victorie us all congeſt,
As compound love to phyſicke your cold breſt.
My parts had power to charme a ſacred Sunne,
Who diſciplin'd I dieted in grace,
Believ'd her eyes, when they t'aſſaile begun,
All vowes and conſecrations giving place:
O moſt potentiall love, vow, bond, nor ſpace,



Loves armes are peace, 'gainſt rule, 'gainſt ſence, 'gainſt (ſhame,
And ſweetens in the ſuffring pang it beares;
The *Aloes* of all forces, ſhockes and feares.
Now all theſe hearts that doe on mine depend,
Feeling it breake, with bleeding groanes they pine,
And ſupplicant their ſighes to you extend,
To leave the batterie that you make 'gainſt mine,
Lending ſoft audience, to my ſweet deſigne,
And credent ſoule, to that ſtrong bonded oath,
That ſhall preferre and undertake my troth.
This ſaid, his waterie eyes he did diſmount,
Whoſe ſightes till then were leavel'd on my face,
Each checke a river running from a fount,
With brinish currant downe-ward flowed apace:
Oh how the channell to the ſtreame gave grace!
Who glaz'd with Chriſtall gate the glowing Roſes,
That flame through water which their hewe incloſes.
Oh father, what a hell of witch-craft lies,
In the ſmall orbe of one perticular teare?
But with the inundation of the eyes:
What rocky heart to water will not weare?
What breaſt ſo cold that is not warmed here,
Or cleft effect, cold modeſty, hot wrath?
Both fire from hence, and chill extincture hath.
For loe his paſſion but an art of craft,
Even there reſolv'd my reaſon into teares,
There my white ſtole of chaſtitie I daſt,
Shooke of my ſober guards, and civill feares,
Appeare to him, as he to me appeares:
All melting, though our droppes this difference bore,
His poiſon'd me, and mine did him reſtore.
In him a plenitude of ſubtill matter,

Applied to Cautles, all strange formes receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or sounding palenesse, and he takes and leaves,
In eithers apenesse as it best deceives:
To blush at speeches ranke, to weepe at woes,
Or to turne white and sound at tragicke showes.
That not a heart which in his levell came,
Could scape the haile of his all hurting aime,
Shewing faire Nature is both kinde and tame:
And vail'd in them did winne whom he would maime,
Against the thing he sought he would exclaime,
When he most burnt in heart-wish'd luxurie,
He preach'd pure maide, and prais'd cold chastitie.
Thus meerely with the garment of a grace,
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd,
That th'unexperient gave the tempter place,
Which like a Cherubin above them hover'd,
Who young and simple would not be so lover'd.
Aye me I fell, and yet doe question make,
What I should doe againe for such a sake.
Oh that infected moysture of his eye,
O that false fire which in his cheeke so glow'd;
Oh that forc'd thunder from his heart did flye,
O that sad breath his spungie lungs bestowed,
O all that borrowed motion seeming owed,
Would yet againe betray the fore-betrai'd,
And new pervert a reconciled Maide.

The

The amorous Epiſtle of Paris *to* Hellen.

HEalth unto *Ledas* daughter *Priams* ſonne,
Sends in theſe lines, whoſe health cannot be won,
But by your gift, in whoſe power it may lie,
To make me whole or ſicke; to live or die:
Shall I then ſpeake? or doth my flame appeare,
Plaine without Index? Oh, tis that I feare:
My Love without diſcovering ſmile takes place,
And more than I could wiſh ſhines in my face.
When I could rather in my thoughts deſire,
To hide the ſmoake, till time diſplay the fire:
Time that can make the fire of Love ſhine cleare,
Untroubled with the miſty ſmoake of feare:
But I diſſemble it, for who I pray,
Can fire conceale, that will it ſelfe betray?
Yet if you looke, I ſhould affirme that plaine
In words, which in my countenance I maintaine:
I burne, I burne, my faults I have confeſs'd,
My words beare witneſſe how my lookes tranſgreſs'd:
Oh pardon me that have confeſs'd my error,
Caſt not upon my lines a looke of terror,
But as your beauty is beyond compare,
Suite unto that your lookes, (oh you moſt faire,)
That you my letter have received by this
The ſuppoſition glads me, and I wiſh,
By hope incourag'd, hope that makes me ſtrong,
You will receive me in ſome ſott ere long.

I aske no more than what the Queene of beauty
Hath promis'd me, for you are mine by dutie.
By her I claime you, you for me were made,
And ſhe it was my journey did perſwade:
Nor Lady thinke your beauty vainely ſought,
I by divine inſtinct was hether brought,
And to this enterprize the heavenly powers,
Have given conſent, the gods proclaime me yours;
I aime at wonders, for I covet you,
Yet pardon me, I aske but whats my due:
Venus her ſelfe my journey hither led,
And gives you freely to my promis'd bed.
Vnder her ſafe conduct the ſeas I paſt,
Till I arriv'd upon theſe coaſts at laſt:
Shipping my ſelfe from the *Sygean* ſhore,
Whence unto theſe Confines my courſe I bore:
She made the *Surges* gentle, the windes faire,
Nor marvell whence theſe calmes proceeded are.
Needs muſt ſhe power upon the ſalt-Seales have,
That was ſea-borne, created from a wave.
Stil may ſhe ſtand in her ability,
And as ſhe made the ſeas with much facility,
To be through ſail'd, ſo may ſhe calme my heate,
And beare my thoughts to their deſired ſeat:
My flames I found not Here, no, I proteſt,
I brought them with me cloſed in my breaſt,
My ſelfe tranſported them without Attorney,
Love was the Motive to my tedious journey.
Not bluſtring Winter when he triumphe'd moſt,
Nor any error drove me to this Coaſt:
Not led by fortune where the rough winds pleaſe,
Nor Marchant-like for gaine croſt I the Seas:

Fulneſſe

Fulneſſe of wealth in all my Fleete I ſee,
I am rich in all things, ſave in wanting thee.
No ſpoile of petty Nations my Ship ſeekes,
Nor Land I as a Spie among the *Greekes*.
What needs we? See of all things we have ſtore.
Compar'd with *Troy* (alas your *Greece* is poore.
For thee I come, thy fame hath thus farre driven me,
Whom golden *Venus* hath by promiſe given me;
I wiſh'd thee ere I knew thee, long agoe,
Before theſe eyes dwelt on this glorious ſhow:
I ſaw thee in my thoughts, know beauteous Dame,
I firſt beheld you with the eyes of fame,
Nor marvell Lady I was ſtroke ſo farre,
Thus Darts or Arrowes ſent from Bowes of warre
Wound a great diſtance off; ſo was I hit
With a deepe ſmarting would that rankles yet,
For ſo it pleas'd the Fates, whom leaſt you blame,
Ile tell a true Tale to confirme the ſame:
When in my Mothers wombe full ripe I lay,
Ready the firſt houre to behold the day,
And ſhe at point to be delivered ſtraight,
And to unlade her of her Royall freight,
My Birth-houre was delaid, and that ſad night
A fearefull viſion did the Queene affright:
In a ſonnes ſtead to pleaſe the aged Sire,
She dreampt ſhe had brought forth a Brand of fire,
Frighted ſhe riſes, and to *Priam* goes.
To the old King this ominous dreame ſhe ſhowes:
He to the Prieſt, the Prieſt doth this returne,
That the child borne ſhall ſtately *Ilium* burne:
Better then he was ware the Prophet gueſt,
For loe a kindled Brand-flames in the my breaſt,

To prevent Fate a Peaſant, I was held,
Till my faire ſhape all other Swaines excel'd,
And gave the doubtfull world aſſurance good,
Your *Paris* was deriv'd from royall blood.
Amid the *Idean* Fields there is a place,
Remote, full of high trees, which hide the face,
Of the greene mantled Earth, wherein thicke rowet,
The Oake, the Elme, the Pine, the Pitch-tree growes:
Here never yet did browze the wanton Ewe,
Nor from this plot the ſlow Oxe licke the dew;
The ſavage Goate that feeds among the Rockes,
Hath not graz'd here, nor any of their Flockes.
Hence the Dardanian walls I might eſpie,
The lofty Towers of *Ilium* reared hie;
Hence I the ſeas might from the firme land ſee,
Which to behold, I leant me to a Tree:
Beleeve me, for I ſpeake but what is true,
Downe from the skirt with feathered pynions flew,
The Nephew to great *Atlas*, and doth ſtand,
With golden *Caduseus* in his hand:
This as the gods to me thought good to ſhow,
I hold it good that you the ſame ſhould know.
Three Goddeſſes behind young *Hermes* move,
Great *Iuno*, *Pallas*, and the Queene of *Love*;
Who as in pompe and pride of gate they paſſe,
Scarſe with their weight they bend the toppes of graſſe:
Amaz'd I ſtare, and endlong ſtands my haire.

And to be Iudge I no way can eſchue, 123
This having ſaid, up through the Ayre he flew: 124
I ſtraight tooke Heart a-grace, and grew more bold, 125
And there their beauties one by one behold. 126
Why am I made the Iudge to give this doome? 127
Methinkes all three are worthy to o're-come: 128
To injure two ſuch Beauties, what tongue dare? 129
Or preferre one where they be all ſo faire. 130
Now this ſeemes faireſt, now againe that other, 131
Now would I ſpeake, and now my thoughts I ſmother. 132
And yet at leangth the praiſe of one moſt ſounded, 133
And from that one my preſent Love is grounded: 134
The Goddeſſes out of their earneſt care, 135
And pride of beautie to beheld moſt faire, 136
Seeke with large Armes, and gifts of wondrous price, 137
To their owne thoughts my cenſure to entice: 138
Iuno the wife of *Ioue* doth firſt inchant me, 139
To judge her faireſt, ſhe a Crowne will grant me. 140
Pallas her Daughter, next doth undertake me, 141
Give her the prize, and valiant ſhe will make me. 142
I ſtraight deviſe which can moſt pleaſure bring, 143
To be a valiant Souldier, or a King: 144
Laſt *Venus* ſmiling came with ſuch a grace, 145
As if ſhe ſwayed an Empire in her face. 146
Let not (ſaid ſhe) theſe gifts the conqueſt beare, 147
Combats and Kingdomes are both fraught with feare. 148
Ile give thee what thou lou'ſt beſt, (lovely Swaine,) 149
The faireſt Saint that doth on earth remaine 150
Shall be thine owne, make thou the Conqueſt mine; 151
Faire *Ledaes* faireſt Daughter ſhall be thine. 152
This ſaid, when with my ſelfe I had deviſed, 153
And her rich gift and beauty jointly priſed. 154

Venus

Venus victor, o're the reſt is plac'd, 155
Juno and *Pallas* leave the Mount diſgrac'd, 156
Meane time my Fates a proſperous courſe had run, 157
And by knowne ſignes King *Priam* cal'd me ſonne: 158
The day of my reſtoring is kept holy 159
Among the Saints-dayes, conſecrated ſolely, 160
To my remembrance, being a day of joy, 161
For ever in the Kalenders of *Troy*. 162
As I wiſh you I have beene wiſh'd by others, 163
The faireſt maids by me would have beene Mothers, 164
Of all my favours I beſtow'd not any, 165
You onely may enjoy the Loves of many? 166
Nor by the Daughters of great Dukes and Kings 167
Have I alone beene ſought, whoſe marriage Rings, 168
I have turn'd backe, but by a ſtraine more hie, 169
By Nymphs and Fairies, ſuch as never die. 170
No ſooner were you promis'd as my due, 171
But I (all hated) to remember you: 172
Waking, I ſaw your Image, if I dreampt, 173
Your beautious figure ſtill appear'd to tempt, 174
And urge this voyage, Till your face excelling, 175
Theſe eyes beheld, my dreames were all of *Hellen*. 176
Imagine how your face ſhould now incite me, 177
Being ſeene, that unſeene did ſo much delight me: 178
If I was ſcorch'd ſo farre off from the fire, 179
How am I burnt to Cinders thus much nigher: 180
Nor could I longer owe my ſelfe this treaſure, 181
But through the Ocean I muſt ſearch my pleaſure, 182
The *Pinygyan* Hatches to the rootes are put 183
Of the *Idean* Pines, (a ſunder cut) 184
The Wood-land Mountaine yeelded me large fees, 185
Beeing deſpoyl'd of all her taleſt Trees, 186

From

From whence we have ſquar'd out innumbred beames,
That muſt be waſh'd within the Marine ſtreames:
The grounded Oakes are bowed, though ſtiffe as ſteele,
And to the tough Ribs is the bending Keele
Woven by Ship-wrights craft, then the Maine-maſt,
A croſſe whole middle is the Saile-yard plac'd.
Tackles and ſailes, and next you may diſcerne,
Our painted Gods upon the hooked ſterne:
The God that beares me on my happy way,
And is my guide, is *Cupid*: Now the day
In which the laſt ſtroke of the Hammer's heard
Within our Navy, in the Eaſt appear'd,
And I muſt now launch forth: (ſo the Fates pleaſe)
To ſeeke adventures in the *Egean* Seas.
My father and my mother move delay,
And by intreaties would inforce my ſtay:
They hang about my necke, and with their teares,
Wooe me deferre my journey: but their feares
Can have no power to keepe me from thy ſight;
And now *Caſſandra* full of ſad affright,
Will looſe diſhevel'd Tramels, madly skips,
Juſt in the way betwixt me and my Ships.
Oh, whether wilt thou head-long run, ſhe cries?
Thou beareſt fire with thee, whoſe ſmoake up-flies
Vnto the heavens (Oh *Iove*) thou little feareſt,
What quenchleſſe flames thou through the water beareſt;
Caſſandra was too true a Propheteſſe,
Her quenchleſſe flames ſhe ſpake of (I confeſſe,)
My hot deſires burne in my breaſt ſo faſt,
That no red Furnace hotter flames can caſt.
I paſſe the Citty gates, my Barke I boord,
The favourable windes calme gales afford,

And

And fill my ſailes, unto your Land I ſteare,
For whether elſe (his courſe) ſhould *Paris* beare:
Your husband entertaines me as his gueſt,
And all this happneth by the gods beheſt:
He ſhewes me all his Paſtures, Parkes, and Fields,
And every rare thing *Lacedemon* yeeldes,
He holds himſelfe much pleaſed with my being,
And nothing hides, that he eſteemes worth ſeeing.
I am on fire, till I behold your face,
Of all *Achaya* Kingdome, the ſole-grace.
All other curious Obiects I deſie,
Nothing but *Helen* can content mine eye,
Whom when I ſaw, I ſtood transform'd with wonder,
Senceleſſe, as one ſtroke dead by *Ioves* ſharpe Thunder:
As I revive, my eyes I rowle and turne,
Whilſt my flam'd thoughts with hotter fancies burne:
Even ſo (as I remember,) I look'd Loves Queene,
When ſhe was iaſt in *Phrygian Ida* ſeene,
Vnto which place by Fortune I was trained,
Whereby my cenſure the the Conqueſt gained:
But had you made a fourth in that contention,
Of *Venus* beauty, there had beene no mention:
Helen aſſured, had borne from all,
The prize of beauty, the bright golden Ball.
Onely of you my this your Kingdome boaſt,
By you it is renown'd in every Coaſt:
Rumor hath every where your beauty blazed,

[redacted]

Truſt me, for truth I ſpeake: Nay what's moſt true,
Too ſparingly the world hath ſpoke of you:
Fame that hath undertooke your name to blaze,
Plaid but the envious Houſewife in your praiſe;
More then report could promiſe, or fame blazon,
Are theſe Divine perfections that I gaze on.
Theſe were the ſame that made Duke *Theſeus* laviſh,
Who in thy prime and Nonage did thee raviſh;
A worthy Rape for ſuch a worthy Man,
Thrice happy Raviſher, to ſeize thee than,
When thou wert ſtript ſtarke naked to the skin,
(A ſight of force to make the gods to ſin:)
Such is your Countries Guiſe at ſeaſons when,
With naked Ladies they mixt naked Men.
That he did ſteale thee from thy Friends, I praiſe him,
And for that deede, I to the Heavens will raiſe him:
That he return'd thee backe, by *love* I wonder,
Had I beene *Theſeus*, he that ſhould aſſunder,
Have parted us, or ſnatch'd thee from my bed,
Firſt from my ſhoulders ſhould have par'd my head.
So rich a purchaſe, ſuch a glorious pray:
Should conſtanly have beene detain'd for aye.
Could theſe my ſtrong Armes poſſibly unclaſpe,
Whilſt in their amorous Foulds they *Hellen* graſpe,
Neither by free conſtraint nor by free giving,
Could you depart that compaſſe, and I living?
But if by rough inforce I muſt reſtore you,
Some fruits of love, (which I ſo long have bore you,)
I firſt would reape, and ſome ſweete favour gaine,
That all my ſuite were not beſtow'd in vaine:
Either with me you ſhall abide and ſtay,
Or for your paſſe your maiden-head ſhould pay.

Or ſay, I ſpar'd you that, yet would I trie
VVhat other favour, I could elſe come by;
All that belongs to love, I would not miſſe,
You ſhould not let me both to clip and kiſſe.
Give me your heart faire Queene, my heart you owe,
And what my reſolution is you know:
Till the laſt fire my breathleſſe body take,
The fire within my breaſt can never ſlake.
Before large kingdomes I preferr'd your face,
And *tuneet* love, and potent gifts diſgrace,
To fold you in my amorous Armes I chus'd,
And *Pallas* vertues ſcornefully refus'd.
VVhen they with *Venus*, in the hill of *Ide*,
Made me the judge their beauties to decide;
Nor doe I yet repent me, having tooke,
Beauty, and ſtrength, and Scepter'd rule forſooke.
Methinkes I chus'd the beſt, (not think it ſtrange)
I ſtill perſiſt, and never meane to change:
Onely that my imploiment be not vaine,
Oh you more worth than any Empires gaine.
Let me intreate, leaſt you my birth ſhould ſcorne,
Or parentage: know I am Royall borne.
By marrying me, you ſhall not wrong your State,
Nor be a wife to one degenerate.
Search the Records where we did firſt begin,
And you ſhall finde the Pleyads of our Kin:
Nay *Iove* himſelfe all others to forbeare,
That in our ſtocke renowned Princes were:
My father of all *Aſia* raines ſole King,
VVhoſe boundleſſe Coaſt ſcarce any feathert'd wing,
Can give a girdle to, a happier Land,
A neighbour to the Ocean cannot ſtand:

There

There in a narrow compaſſe you may ſee,
Cities and Towers, more than may numbred be,
The houſes guilt, rich Temples that excell,
And you will ſay I were the great Gods dwell.
You ſhall behold high *Ilium* lofty Towers,
And *Troyes* brave walls built by immortall powers,
But made by *Phebus* the great god of fire,
And by the touch of his melodious *Lyer*,
If we have people to inhabite, when
The ſad earth groanes to beare ſuch troopes of men
Iudge *Helen*, Likewiſe when you come to Land,
The *Aſian* women ſhall admiring ſtand,
Saluting thee with welcome, more and leſſe,
In preaſing throngs and numbers, numberleſſe:
More than our Courts can hold of you (moſt faire)
You to your ſelfe will ſay, alaſſe, how baire,
And poore *Achaya* is, when with great pleaſure,
You ſee each houſe containe a Cities Treaſure.
Miſtake me not, I *Sparta* doe not ſcorne,
I hold the Land bleſt where my love was borne,
Though barren elſe, rich *Sparta Helen* bore,
And therefore I that Province muſt adore;
Yet is your Land methinks but leane and emty,
You worthy of a Clyme that flowes with plenty,
Full *Troy* I proſtrate, it is yours by duty,
This perry ſeat becomes not your rich beauty;
Attendance, Preperation, Curtſie, State,
Fit ſuch a heavenly formе, on which ſhould waite,
Coſt, Freſh variety, Delicious diet,
Pleaſure, Contentment, and Luxurious ryot,
What Ornaments we uſe, what faſhions faigne,
You may perceive by me and my proud traine,

Thus

Thus we attire our men, but with more coſt,
Of gold and Pearle, the rich Gownes are Imboſt,
Of our chiefe Ladies, gueſſe by what you ſee,
You may be ſoone induc'd to credit me.
Be tractable faire *Spartan*, nor contemne
A *Trojan* borne, deriv'd from Royall ſtemme:
He was a *Trojan* and allide to *Hector*,
That waites upon *Ioves* cup, and fills him *Nectar*:
A *Trojan* did the faire *Aurora* wed,
And nightly ſlept within her Roſeat bed:
The Goddeſſes that ends nigh and enters day,
From our faire *Trojan* Coaſt ſtole him away,
Anchiſes was a *Trojan*, whom Loves Queene,
(Making the Trees of *Ida* a thicke Screene
Twixt Heaven and her) oft lay with, view me well
I am a *Trojan* too, in *Troy* I dwell.
Thy Husband *Menelaus* hither bring,
Compare our ſhapes, our yeares and every thing,
I make you Iudgeſſe, wrong me if you can,
You needs muſt ſay I am the properer man:
None of my line hath turn'd the Sun to blood,
And rob'd his Steeds of their Ambroſiall food:
My Father grew not from the *Caucaſſe* Rocke,
Nor ſhall I graſe you in a bloody Stocke:
Priam neere wrong'd the guiltleſſe ſoule, or further,
Made the *Myrtoan* Sea looke red with murther:

You grace your Stocke, and being ſo divine,
Iove is of force compell'd into your Line.
Oh miſchiefe I whilſt I vainely ſpeake of this,
Your Husband all-unworthy of ſuch bliſſe,
Injoyes you this long night, enfolds your waſte,
And where he liſts may boldly touch and taſte.
So when you ſat at Table, many a toy,
Paſſeth betweene you my next ſoule t'annoy.
At ſuch high feaſts I wiſh my enemie ſit,
Where diſcontent attends on every bit,
I never yet was plac'd at any Feaſt,
But oft it irke me that I was your Gueſt:
That which offends me moſt thy rude Lord knowes,
For ſtill his armes about thy neeke he throwes,
Which I no ſooner ſpie but I grow mad,
And hate the man, whoſe courting makes me ſad
Shall I be plaine? I am ready to ſinke downe,
When I behold him wrape you in his Gowne,
When you ſit ſmiling on his amorous knee,
His fingers preſſe, where my hands itch to be.
But when he hugs you I am forc'd to frowne.
The meate I'am eating will by no means downe,
But ſtickes halfe way, amidſt theſe diſcontents,
I have obſerv'd you laugh at my laments,
And with a ſcornefull, yet a wanton ſmile,
Deride my ſighes and grones, oft to beguile
My paſſions, and to quench my fiery rage.
By quaffing healths I have thought my flame t'aſſwage.
But *Bacchus* full cups make my flames burne heigher,
Adde wine to love, and you add fire to fire.
To ſhun the ſight of many a wanton feate,
Betwixt your Lord and you, I ſhift my ſeate,

And turne my head, but thinking of your grace;
Loue skrewes my head to gaze backe on your face;
What were I beſt to doe? To ſee you play
Mads me, and I perforce muſt turne away,
And to forbeare the place where you abide.
Would kill me dead, ſhould I but ſtart aſide:
As much as lies in me I ſtrive to bury,
The ſhape of Love, in mirths ſpight I ſeeme merry.
But oh, the more I ſeeke it to ſuppreſſe,
The more my blabbing lookes my love profeſſe.
You know my Love which I in vaine ſhould hide,
Would God it did appeare to none beſide,
Oh *Ioue* how often have I turned my cheecke,
To hide th'apparant teares that paſſage ſeeke,
From forth my eyes, and to a corner ſtept,
Leaſt any man ſhould aske wherefore I wept:
How often have I told you pitious tales,
Of conſtant Lovers, and how Love prevailes:
When ſuch great heed to my diſcourſe I tooke,
That every accent ſuited to your looke;
Inforged names my ſelfe I repreſented,
The Lover ſo perplex'd, and ſo tormented,
If you will know? Behold I am the ſame,
Paris was meant in that true Lovers name:
As often, that I might the more ſecurely,
Speake looſe immodeſt words, that ſound impurely;

Than your faire mother *Leda*, when *Ioue* grac'd her;
And in the ſhape of Feathered Swan imbrac'd her.
Whilſt as this raviſhing ſight I ſtood amazed,
And without interruption freely gazed,
The wreathed handle of the Bowle I graſp'd,
Fell from my hold, my ſtrengthleſſe hand unclaſp'd.
A Goblet at that time I held by chance,
And downe it fell, for I was in a trance.
Kiſſe your faire Daughter, and to her I skip,
And ſnatch your kiſſes from your ſweet childs lippe.
Sometimes I throw my ſelfe along, and lie,
Singing Love-ſongs, and if you caſt your eye,
On my effeminate geſture, I ſtill finde,
Some pretty covered ſignes to ſpeake my minde;
And then my earneſt ſuit blushly invades,
Aethra and *Climene* your two chiefe maides.
But they returne me anſwers full of feare,
And to my motions lend no further eare.
Oh that you were the prize of ſome great ſtrife,
And he that wins, might claime you for his wife.
Hyppomenes with ſwift *Atlanta* ran,
And at one courſe the Goale and Lady wan.
Even ſhe, by whom ſo many Suters periſh'd,
Was in the boſome of her new Love cheeriſh'd.
So *Hercules* for *Dejaneira* ſtrove,
Brake *Achelous* horne, and gain'd his love.
Had I ſuch liberty, ſuch freedome granted,
My reſolution never could be danted;
Your ſelfe ſhould find, and all the world ſhould ſee,
Hellen (a prize alone) reſerv'd for me.
There is not left me any meanes (moſt faire)
To Court you now, but by intreates and prayer,

Vnleſſe (as it becomes me you thinke meete,
That I ſhould proſtrate fall, and kiſſe your feete.
Oh all the honour that our laſt age wins,
Then glory of the two *Tindarian* Twins,
Worthy to be *Ioues* wife, in heaven to raigne,
Were you not *Ioues* owne Daughter, of his ſtraine.
To the Sygean confines I will carry thee,
And in the Temple of great *Pallas* marry thee:
Or in this Iſland where I vent my moanes,
Ile begge a Tombe for my exiled bones:
My wound is not a ſlight race with an arrow,
But it hath pierc'd my heart, and burnt my marrow.
This Propheſie my Siſter oft hath ſounded,
That by an heavenly Dart I ſhould be wounded:
Oh then forbeare (faire *Hellen*) to oppoſe you,
Againſt the gods, they ſay I ſhall not loſe you.
Yeeld you to their beheaſt, and you ſhall finde,
The gods to your pititions likewiſe kinde.
A thouſand things at once are in me braine,
Which that I may eſſentially complaine,
And not in papers empty all my head,
Anon at night receive me to your bed.
Bluſh you at this? or Lady doe you feare,
To violate the Nuptiall lawes auſteare?
Oh (ſimple *Hellen*) Fooliſh I might ſay,
What profite reape you to be Chaſte I pray?

Venus will not have beauty over aw'de,
High *Love* himſelfe ſtolne pleaſures will applaude,
And by ſuch theeviſh paſtimes we may gather,
How *Love* 'gainſt wedlookes lawes, became your father;
He and your mother *Leda* both tranſgreſt,
When you were got ſhe bare a tender breaſt.
What glory can you gaine Loye ſweetes to ſmother?
Or to be counted chaſter than your mother?
Profeſſe ſtricke chaſtity, when with great joy,
I lead you as my Bride-eſpous'd through *Troy*:
Then I intreate you raine your pleaſures in,
I wiſh thy *Paris* may be all thy ſinne.
If *Cithered* her firme Covenant keepe,
Though I with in your boſome nightly ſleepe,
We ſhall not much miſdoe, but ſo offend,
That we by marriage may our guilt amend.
Your husband hath himſelfe this buſineſſe aided,
And though (not with his tongue) he hath perſwaded,
By all his deeds (as much) leaſt he ſhould ſtay,
Our private meetings, hé is farre away,
Of purpoſe rid unto the fartheſt Weſt,
That he might leave his wife unto his gueſt.
No fitter time he could have found to viſite,
The *Chriſean* royall Scepter, and to ceize it:
Oh ſimple, ſimple Husband? but he's gone,
And going, left you this to thinke upon.
Faire wife (quoth he) I prethee in my place,
Regard the *Trojan* Prince, and doe him grace:
Behold, a witneſſe I againſt you ſtand,
You have beene careleſſe of this kinde command.
Count from his firſt dayes journey, never ſince,
Did you regard or grace the *Trojan* Prince;

What thinke you of your Husband? that he knowes
The worth and value of the face he owes?
Who (but a Foole) ſuch beauty would indanger,
Or truſt it to the mercy of a Stranger.
Then (royall Queene) if neither may intreate,
My quenchleſſe paſſion, nor Loves raging heate,
Can winne you, we are wooed both to this crime,
Even by the fit advantage of the time.
Either to love ſweet ſport we muſt agree,
Or ſhew our ſelves to be worſe fooles than he:
He tooke you by the hand the houre he rode,
And knowing, I with you muſt make abode,
Brings you to me, what ſhould I further ſay,
It was his minde to give you quite away.
What meant he elſe? Then lets be blithe and jolly,
And make the beſt uſe of your Husbands folly.
What ſhould we doe? Your husband is farre gone,
And this cold night (poore ſoule) you lie alone.
I want a bedfellow, ſo doe we either,
What lets us then, but that we lie together:
You ſlumbring thinke on me, on you I dreame,
Both our deſires are fervent, and extreame.
Sweet, then appoint the night, why doe you ſtay?
Oh night, more clearer than the brighteſt day:
Then I dare freely ſpeake, proteſt, and ſweare,
And of my vowes the gods ſhall record beare.
Then will I ſeale the contract, and the ſtrife,
From that day forward, we are man and wife:
Then queſtionleſſe I ſhall ſo farre perſwade,
That you with me ſhall *Troyes* rich Coaſt invade,
And with your *Phrygian* gueſt at laſt agree,
Our potent Kingdome and rich Crowne to ſee.

But if you (blushing) feare the vulger bruite,
That ſayes, you follow me, to me make ſuite,
Feare it not *Helen*; Ile ſo worke with Fame,
I will (alone) be guilty of all blame.
Duke *Theſeus* was my inſtance, and ſo were
Your brothers Lady, Can I come more neere
To enſample my attempts by? *Theſeus* haled
Helen perforce: your brothers they prevailed;
With the *Leucippian* Sifters, now from theſe,
Ile count my ſelfe the fourth (if *Helen* pleaſe.)
Our *Trojan* Navy rides upon the Coaſt,
Rig'd, arm'd, and man'd, and I can proudly boaſt,
The bankes are high, why doe you longer ſtay?
The windes and Oares are ready to make way.
You ſhall be like a high Majeſticke Queene,
Led through the *Dardan* Citty, and be ſeene,
By millions, who your State having commended,
Will (wondring) ſweare, ſome Goddeſſe is diſcended.
Where ere you walke the Prieſts ſhall incence burne,
No way you ſhall your eye or body turne
But ſacrificed beaſts the ground ſhall beate,
And bright religious fires the Welken heate.
My father, mother, brother, ſiſters: all
Ilium and *Troy* in pompe majeſticall,
Shall with rich gifts preſent you (but alaſſe)
Not the leaſt part (ſo farre they doe ſurpaſſe)
Can my Epiſtle ſpeake, you may behold
More than my words or writings can unfold.
Nor feare the bruite of warre, or threatning Steele,
When we are fled: to dogge us at the heele:
Or that all *Græcia* will their powers unite,
Of many raviſh'd, can you one recite,

Whom warre repurchas'd? theſe be idle feares,
Rough bluſtering, *Boreas* faire *Orithea* beares,
Vnto the land of *Thrace*. yet *Thrace* ſtill free,
And *Athens* rais'd no rude Hoſtility.
In winged *Pegaſus* did *Iaſon* ſaile,
And from great *Colchos* he *Medea* ſtale:
Yet *Theſſaly* you ſee can ſhew no ſcarre,
Of former wounds in the *Theſſalian* warre?
He that firſt raviſh'd you: In ſuch a Fleete,
As ours is, *Ariadne* brought from *Creete*:
Yet *Minos* and Duke *Theſeus* were agreed,
About that quarrell, not abreaſt did bleede.
Leſſe is the danger (truſt me) then the feare,
That in theſe vaine and idle doubts appeare.
But ſay rude warre ſhould be proclaim'd at length,
Know, I am valiant, and have ſinowie ſtrength.
The weapons that I uſe are apt to kill.
Aſia beſides, more ſpacious fields can fill,
With armed men then *Greece*, amongſt us are
More perfect Souldiers, more beaſts apt for war:
Nor can thy husband *Menelaus* be
Of any high ſpirit and Magnanimity,
Or ſo well prov'd in Armes: for *Hellen* I,
Being but a Lad have made my enemies flie.
Regain'd the prey from out the hands of Theeves,
Who had deſploid our Heards, and ſtolne our Beeves.
By ſuch adventures I my name obtained.

Or that I onely hand to'hand can fight,
My arrowes when I pleaſe ſhall touch the white.
I am expert in the Quarrey and the Bow,
You cannot boaſt your heartleſſe husband ſo.
Had you the power in all things to ſupply me,
And ſhould you nothing in the world deny me,
To give me ſuch a *Hellor* to my brother,
You could not: the earth beares not ſuch another:
By him alone all *Aſia* is well mann'd,
He like an enemy againſt *Greece* ſhall ſtand;
Oppos'd to your beſt fortunes, wherefore ſtrive you,
You doe not know his valour that muſt wive you.
Or what hid worth is in me but at length,
You will confeſſe when you have prov'd my ſtrength.
Thus either warre ſhall ſtill our ſteps purſue,
Or *Greece* ſhall fall in *Troyes* all-conquering view:
Nor would I feare for ſuch a royall wife,
To ſet the Vniverſall world at ſtrife:
To gaine rich Prizes men will venture farre,
The hope of purchaſe makes us bold in warre.
If all the world about you ſhould contend,
Your name would be eterniz'd without end,
Onely be bold, and feareleſſe may we ſaile
Into my Countrey, with a proſperous gale,
If the gods grant me my expected day,
I to the full ſhall all theſe Covenants pay.

Hellen *to* Paris.

NO ſooner came mine eye unto the ſight,
Of thy rude Lines, but I muſt needs re-waighe.
Dar'ſt thou (Oh ſhameleſſe) in ſuch hainous wiſe,
The Lawes of Hoſpitality deſpiſe?
And being a ſtranger, from thy Countries reach,
Solicite a chaſt wife to wedlockes breach?
Was it for this, our free *Tenarian* Port,
Receiv'd thee and thy traine, in friendly ſort?
And when great *Neptune* nothing could appeaſe,
Gave thee ſafe harbour from the ſtormy Seas?
Was it for this, our Kingdomes armes ſpread wide,
To entertaine thee from the waters ſide?
Yet thou of forrigne ſoyle remote from hence,
A ſtranger, comming we ſcarce knew from whence.
Is perjur'd wrong the recompence of right?
Is all our friendſhip guerdond with deſpight?
I doubt me then we either in our Court doth tarry,
A friend diſguiſt, or a fierce adverſary.
Nor blame me for ſuſpition you conſider,
And th' ſe preſumptions well compare together,
So ſimple my complaint will not appeare,
But in your ſelfe muſt needs excuſe my feare.

[redacted]

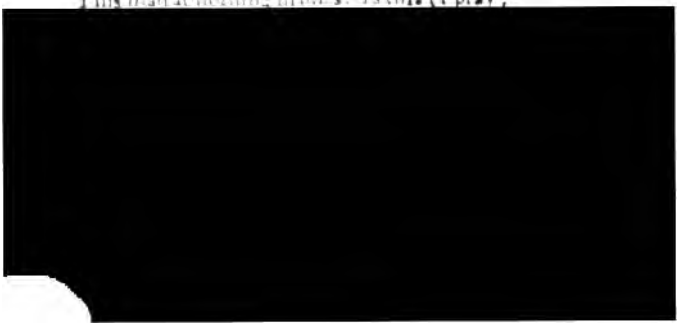
29 But say my brow be cloudy, my name's clerte,
30 And reverently you shall of *Helen* here.
31 No man from me adulterate spoiles can win,
32 For to this houre I have sported without sin,
33 Which makes me in my heart the more to wonder,
34 What hope you have in time to bring me onder.
35 Or from mine eye what comfort thou canst gather,
36 To pitty thee, and not despise thee rather.
37 Because once *Theseus* hurried me from hence,
38 And did to me a kinde of violence,
39 Followes it therefore, I am of such price,
40 That ravish'd once, I should be ravish'd twice.
41 Was it my fault, because I striv'd in vaine,
42 And wanted strength his fury to restraine;
43 He flattered and spake faire, I strugled still,
44 And what he got was much against my will.
45 Of all his toile, he reap'd no wished fruit,
46 For with my wrangling I withstood his suite,
47 At length, I was restor'd, untoucht and cleare,
48 In all my Rape, I suffered naught (save feare)
49 A few untoward kisses, he (God wot)
50 Of further favours, he could never boast:
51 Drie, without rellish, by much striving got;
52 And them with much adoe, and to his cost;
53 I doubt your purpose aymes at greater blisses,
54 And hardly would alone be pleas'd with kisses.
55 Thou hast some further ayme, and seek'st to doe,
56 What (*Iove* defend) I should consent unto.
57 He beare not thy bad minde, but did restore me,
58 Vnblemish'd, to the place from whence he bore me,
59 The youth was bashfull, and thy boldnesse lackt,
60 And tis well knowne, repented his bold fact.

Theseus

Hector repented, ſo ſhould *Paris* doe,
Succeede in Loue, and in repentance too;
Nor am I angry: who can angry be
With him that loues her? If your heart agree.
With your kinde words, your ſuite I could applaude:
So I were ſure your lines were void of fraude.
I caſt not theſe ſtrange doubts or this diſpenſe,
Like one that were bereaft all confidence:
Nor that I with my ſelfe am in diſgrace,
Or doe not know the beauty of my face:
But becauſe too much truſt hath damag'd ſuch,
As haue beleeu'd men in their loues too much.
And now the generall tongue of women ſaith,
Mens words are full of Treaſon, void of faith.
Let others ſinne, and houres in pleaſures waſte,
Tis rare to finde the ſober Matron chaſte:
Why, ſay it be that ſinne prevailes with faire ones,
May not my name be rank'd among the rare ones?
Becauſe my mother *Leda* was beguilde,
Muſt I ſtray too that am her eldeſt childe?
I muſt confeſſe my mother made a rape,
But *Ioue* beguilde her in a borrowed ſhape,
When ſhe (poore ſoule) not dreampt of god nor man,
He trod her like a milke-white feathered Swan:
She was deceiu'd by error, if I yeelde
To your unjuſt requeſt, nothing can ſhield

To omit high *Iove*, of whom I ſtand in awe:
As the great Grandſire to our Father in Law,
To paſſe the kinne I claime from *Tantalus*,
From *Pelopes*, and from Noble *Tyndarus*.
Leda by *Iove* in ſhape of Swan beguil'd,
Her ſelfe ſo chang'd, and by him made with child,
Proves *Iove* my father: then you idly ſtrive,
Your name from Gods and Princes to derive.
What needs you of old *Priam* make relation?
Lamedon or your great *Phrygian* Nation?
Say, all be true: What then? He of whom moſt,
To be of your alliance you ſo boaſt;
Iove (five degrees at leaſt) from you removed,
To be the firſt from me, is plainely proved;
And though (as I beleeved well) *Troy* may ſtand,
Powerfull by Sea, and full of ſtrength by Land,
And no Dominion to your ſtate ſuperior,
I hold our Clyme nothing to *Troy* inferior.
Say, you in riches paſſe us, or in number
Of people, whom you boſt your ſtreets to comber,
Yet yours a barbarous Nation is, I tell you,
And in that kinde, doe we of *Greece* excell you.
Your rich Epiſtle doth ſuch gifts preſent,
As might the Goddeſſes themſelves content,
And wooe them to your pleaſures, but if I
Should paſſe the bonds of ſhame, and tread awry,
If ever you ſhould put me to my ſhifts,
Your ſelfe ſhould move me more than all your gifts:
Or if I ever ſhall tranſgreſſe by ſtealth,
It ſhall be for your ſake, not for your wealth;
But as your gifts I ſcorne not, ſo ſuch ſeeme
Moſt precious, where the giver we eſteeme.

More then your presence, it shall *Hellen* please,
That you for her have past the stormy Seas,
That she hath caus'd your toyl, that you respect her;
And more than all your *Trojan* Dames affect her.
But ve're a wag in troth, the notes and signes,
You make a Table, in the meats and wines;
I have observ'd when I least seem'd to minde them,
For at the first my curious eye did finde them.
Sometimes (you wanton) your fixt eye advances,
His brightnesse against mine, darting sweet glances,
Out gazing me with such a stedfast looke,
That my daz'd eyes their splendor have forsooke:
And then you sigh, and by and by you stretch
Your amorous arme outright, the bowle to reach]
That next me stands, making excuse to sip,
Just in the selfesame place that kis'd my lip.
How oft have I observ'd your finger make,
[illegible] which straight I take?
[illegible] oughts cloke,
[illegible] spoke.
[illegible] ave spi'd yee,
[illegible] I must cride yee.
[illegible]
[illegible] use but blush,
[illegible]
This man at nothing shames. Is this (I pray)



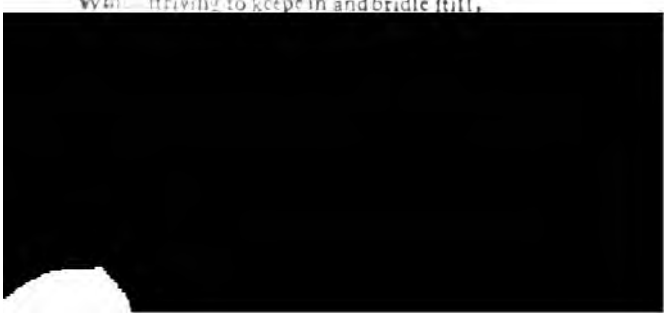
Should I offend, as ſinne to me is ſtrange,
Theſe blandiſhments have power chaſte thoughts to change,
Or if I could be mov'd to ſtep aſtray,
Theſe would provoke me to laſcivious play.
Beſides, I muſt confeſſe, you have a face,
So admirable rare, ſo full of grace,
That it hath power to wooe, and to make ceaſure,
Of the moſt bright chaſte beauties to your pleaſure:
Yet had I rather ſtaineleſſe keepe my Fame,
Then to a ſtranger hazzard my good name.
Make me your inſtance, and forbeare the fare,
Of that which moſt doth pleaſe you, make moſt ſpare.
The greateſt vertues of which wiſe men boaſt,
Is to abſtaine from that which pleaſeth moſt.
How many gallant Youths (thinke you) deſire,
That which you covet? ſkorch'd with the ſelfe-ſame fire?
Are all the world fooles? onely *Paris* wiſe?
Or is there none ſave you have judging eyes?
No, no, you view no more than others ſee,
But you are plainer, and more bold with me.
You are more earneſt to purſue your game,
I yeeld you not more knowledge, but leſſe ſhame.
I would to God that you had ſayl'd from *Troy*,
When my Virginity and bed to enjoy,
A thouſand gallant Princely Suters came:
Had I beheld young *Paris*, I proclaine,
Of all thoſe thouſand I had made you chiefe,
And *Spartan Menelaus* to his griefe,
Should to my cenſure have ſubſcribe and yeelded,
But now (alas) your hopes are weakely builded.
You covet goods poſſeſt, pleaſures fore-taſted,
Tardie you come, that ſhould before have haſted,

Whiles

What you deſire, another claimes as due.
As I could wiſh t'have beene eſpouſed to you;
So let me tell you, ſince it is my fate,
I hold me happy in this preſent ſtate.
Then ceaſe faire Prince, an idle ſuite to move,
Seeke not to harme her whom you ſeeme to love:
In my contented ſtate let me be guided,
As both my ſtates and fortunes have provided,
Nor in ſo vaine a queſt your ſpirits toile,
To ſeeke at my hands an unworthy ſpoyle.
But ſee how ſoone poore Women are deluded,
Venus her ſelfe this covenant hath concluded,
For in the *Idean* Vallies you eſpie,
Three Goddeſſes, ſtript naked to your eye,
And when the firſt had promis'd you a Crowne,
The ſecond Fortitude and warres renowne;
The third beſpake you thus: Crowne, nor Warres pride,
Will I bequeath, but *Helen* to thy Bride:
I ſcarce beleeve thoſe high immortall Creatures,
Would to your eye expoſe their naked features,
Or ſay the firſt part of your Tale be pure,
And meete with truth: the ſecond's falſe I'am ſure,
In which poore I was thought the greateſt meede,
In ſuch a high cauſe by the Gods decreed.
I have not of my beauty ſuch opinion,
T'imagine it preſer'd before Dominion,

But loe I grant you, and imagine true,
Your free report, claiming your praiſe as due:
Who would in pleaſing things call *Fame* a liar,
But give that credit, which we moſt deſire.
That we have mov'd theſe doubts be not you greeved;
The greateſt wonders are the leaſt beleeved;
Know then I firſt am pleas'd that *Venus* ought me
Such undeſerved grace: Next, that you thought me
The greateſt merde: nor Scepter nor warres Fame,
Did you preferre before poore *Hellens* name.
(Hard-heart, tis time thou ſhouldſt at laſt come downe:)
Therefore I am your valour, I your Crowne.
Your kindneſſe conquers me doe what I can,
I were hard-hearted, not to love this man:
Obdurate I was never, and yet coy,
To favour him whom I can ner'e enjoy.
What profits is the barren ſands to plow,
And in the furrowes our affections ſow.
In the ſweete theft of *Venus* I am rude,
And know not how my husband to delude;
Now I theſe love-lines write, my Pen I vow,
Is a new office taught, nor knowne till now.
Happy are they that in this Trade have skill,
(Alas I am a foole) and ſhall be ſtill;
And having till this houre not ſtept aſtray,
Feare in theſe ſports leaſt I ſhould miſſe my way.
The feare (no doubt) is greater than the blame,
I ſtand confounded and amaz'd with ſhame,
And with the very thought of what you ſeeke,
Thinke every eye fixt on my guilty cheeke.
Nor are theſe ſuppoſitions meerely vaine,
The murmuring people whiſperingly complaine,

[illegible] *Aetna* [illegible] by [illegible], fly
[illegible] as touche mine honour highly:
[illegible] (deare Lord) dissemble or desist,
[illegible] over-eyes, we cannot as we list
[illegible] our sports, our Loves pure harvest gather,
[illegible] dissemble rather.
Sport (but in secret) sport where none may see,
[illegible] greatest liberty:
[illegible] Lascivious play,
[illegible] is farre hence away.
[illegible] about great affaires is posted,
[illegible] securely hosted,
[illegible] important and materiall,
[illegible] about a Crowne Imperiall:
[illegible] is mounted on his Steed,
[illegible] journey to proceede;
[illegible] to depart or stay,
[illegible] (quoth I) or be not long away;
[illegible] kisse,
[illegible] this)
[illegible] cares,
[illegible] affaires.
[illegible] best.
[illegible] *Trojan* quest.
[illegible] pains,
[illegible] Lorraine,
Whi[illegible] striving to keepe in and bridle still,



And though abroad, his power at home commands,
For know you not Kings have long reaching hands?
The fame for beauty you beſides have given me,
Into a great exigent hath driven me:
The more your commendation fild his eare,
The more juſt cauſe my husband hath to feare.
Nor marvell you the King hath left me ſo,
Into remote and forraigne Climes to goe,
Much confidence he dares repoſe in me,
My carriage, haviour, and my modeſty,
My beauty he miſtruſts, my heart relies in,
My face he feares, my Chaſte life he affies in.
To take time now when time *is*, you perſwade me,
And with his apt fit abſence you invade me:
I would, but feare, not is my minde wellſet,
My will would further, what my feare doth let.
I have no husband here, and you no wife,
I love your ſhape, you mine, deare as your life.
The nights ſeeme long to ſuch as ſleepe alone,
Our letters meete to enterchange our moane.
You judge me beautious, I eſteeme you faire,
Vnder one roofe we Lovers lodged are,
And (let me die) but every thing conſider,
Each thing perſwades us we ſhall lie together.
Nothing we ſee moleſts us, naught we heare,
And yet my forward will is ſtacke through feare:
I would to God that what you ill perſwade,
You could as well compell, ſo I were made,
Vn-willing willing, pleaſingly abuſde,
So my ſimplicity might be excus'de.
Injuries force is oft times wondrous pleaſing,
To ſuch as ſuffer taſte in their diſeaſing.

If what I will, you 'ginſt my will ſhould doe;
I wish ſuch force could be well pleaſed too.
But whilſt our love is young and in the bud,
Suffer his infant vigor be withſtood.
A ſtorme new kindled is as eaſily quench'd,
And hidden ſparkles imbecile drops are drench'd:
A Travellers Love is like himſelfe, unſtaid,
And wanders where he walkes, it is not laid
On any former ground, for when we alone.
Thinke him to us, the winde blowes faire, hee's gone:
Witneſſe *Hypſipile*, alike betraide,
Witneſſe with her the bright *Mycenan* maide:
Nay then your ſelfe, as you your ſelfe have ſpoken:
To faire *Ceres* have your promiſe broken,
Since I beheld your face firſt, my deſire
Hath beene, of *Troian Paris* to inquire:
I know you now in every true reſpect.
Ile grant you thus much then, ſay you affect
Me (whom you terme your owne.) Ile grow thus farre
Doe not the *Phœnian* mariners prepare,
Their ſailes and Oares, and now whilſt we recite,
Exchange of words about the wiſhed night:
Say that even now you were prepar'd to clime
My long wish'd bed, juſt at th'appointed time,
The winde ſhould alter and blow faire for *Troy*,
You muſt brake off, in midſt of all your joy,
And leave me in the infancy of pleaſure.

But ſhall I follow you when you are gone,
And be the grand-child to *Laomedon*?
And *Iſium* ſee whoſe beautie you proclaime?
I doe not ſo deſpiſe the bruit of Fame,
That ſhe to whom I am indebt ſuch thankes,
Should fill the Earth with ſuch adulterate pranks:
What will *Achaia*? what will *Sparta* ſay?
What will your *Troy* report and *Aſia*?
What may old *Priam* or his reverent Queene?
What may your Siſters having *Helen* ſeene,
Or your *Dardanidan* brothers deeme of me?
Will they not blame my looſe inchaſtity:
Nay, how can you your ſelfe faithfull deeme me,
And not amongſt the looſeſt Dames eſteeme me,
No ſtranger ſhall your *Aſian* Ports come neare,
But he ſhall fill your guilty ſoule with feare.
How often (angry at ſome ſmall offence)
Will you thus ſay; Adultreſſe, get thee hence,
Forgetting you your ſelfe have beene the chiefe
In my tranſgreſſion, though not in my griefe.
Conſider what it is forgetfull Lover,
To be ſinnes Author, and ſinnes ſharpe reprover.
But ere the leaſt of all theſe ills betide me,
I wiſh the earth may in her boſome hide me.
But I ſhall all your *Phrygian* wealth poſſeſſe,
And more than your Epiſtle can expreſſe;
Gifts, woven gold, imbrodery, rich attire,
Purple and Plate, or what I can deſire?
Yet give me leave, thinke you all this extends,
To counter-vaile the loſſe of my chiefe friends?
Whoſe friendſhip, or whoſe aide ſhall I imploy,
To ſuccour me when I am wrong'd in *Troy*.

Or whether can I, having thus mis-done,
Vnto my Father or my Brothers runne.
As much as you to me, falſe *Iaſon* ſworne,
Vnto *Medea*, yet from *Aeſons* doore,
He after did exile her: Now poore heart,
Where is thy Father that ſhould take thy part?
Old *Aetes* or *Calciope*? thou tookeſt
No aide from them, who thou before forſookeſt.
Or ſay thou didſt (alas they cannot heare
Thy ſad complaints) yet I no ſuch thing feare,
No more *Medea* did, good hopes ingage
Themſelves ſo farre, they faile in their paſſage:
You ſee the ſhips that in the Mayne are toſt,
And many times by tempeſts wracke and loſt,
Had at their launching from the Havens mouth,
A ſmooth ſea, and a calme gale from the South.
Beſides, the brand your mother dreampt ſhe bare
The night before your birth, breeds me freſh care,
It prophecide, ere many yeares expire,
Inflam'd *Troy* muſt burne with *Greekiſh* fire,
As *Venus* favours you, becauſe ſhe gained,
A double prize by you; yet the diſdained
And vanquiſh'd Goddeſſes, diſgrac'd ſo late,
May beare you hard. I therefore feare their hate;
Nor make no queſtion, but if I conſort you,
And for a Raviſher our *Greece* report you:
Warre will be wag'd with *Troy*, and you ſhall rue.

Or thinke you *Menelaus* hath no ſpleene?
Or that he hath not power to avenge his teene?
Or that old *Tyndarus* this wrong can ſmother?
Or the two famous Twins each lov'd of other.
So where your valour and rare deedes you boaſt,
And warlike ſpirits in which you triumph moſt;
By which you have attain'd mongſt Souldiers grace,
None will beleeve you that but ſees your face,
Your feature and faire ſhape, is fitter farre
For amorus Courtſhips, than remorſeleſſe warre:
Let rough hew'd Souldiers warlike dangers prove,
Tis pitty *Paris* ſhould doe ought ſave love.
Hector (whom you ſo praiſe) for you may fight,
Ile finde you warre to skirmiſh every night,
Which ſhall become you better: were I wiſe,
And bold withall, I might obtaine the prize,
In ſuch ſweete ſingle Combats, hand to hand,
'Gainſt which no woman that is wiſe will ſtand:
My Champion Ile encounter breaſt to breaſt,
Though I were ſure to fall, and be o'repreaſt.
In that your private conference intreate me,
I apprehend you, and you cannot cheate me,
I know the meaning, durſt I yeeld thereto,
Of what you would conferre; what you would doe;
You are too forward, you too farre would wade,
But yet (God knowes) your harveſts in the blade.
My tyred pen ſhall here his labour end,
A guilty ſence in theeviſh lines I ſend.
Speake next when your occaſion beſt perſwades,
By *Clymene* and *Aethra* my two maides.

The Paſſionate Shepheard to his Love.

LIve with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleaſures proue,
That hills and vallies, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountaines yeelds.
There will we ſit upon the Rockes,
And ſee the Shepheards feede their flocks,
By ſhallow Rivers by whoſe falles
Melodious birds ſing Madrigales.
There will I make thee a bed of Roſes,
With a thouſand fragrant poſies,
A cap of flowers, and a Kirtle
Imbrodered all with leaves of Mirtle.
A gowne made of the fineſt wooll,
Which from our pretty Lambes we pull,
Faire lined ſlippers for the cold,
With buckles of the pureſt gold.
A belt of ſtraw and Ivie buds,
With Corall Claſpes and Amber ſtuds,
And if theſe pleaſures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my Love.
The Shepheards Swaines ſhall dance and ſing,
For thy delight each May morning:
If theſe delights thy minde may move;
Then live with me and be my love.

The Nimphs reply to the Shepheard.

IF that the world and Love were young,
And truth in every ſhepheards tongue,
Theſe pretty pleaſures might me move,
To live with thee and be thy Love.
Time drives the flockes from field to fould,
When Rivers rage, and Rocks grow cold,
And *Philomell* becometh dumbe,
The reſt complaines of cares to come.
The flowers doe fade, and wanton fields,
To wayward Winter reckoning yeelds,
A hony tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancies ſpring, but ſorrowes fall.
Thy Gownes, thy Shooes, thy bed of Roſes,
Thy Cap, thy Kirtle and thy Poſies,
Some breake, ſome wither, ſome forgotten,
In folly ripe, in Reaſon rotten.
Thy belt of ſtraw and Ivie buds,
Thy Corell Claſpes and Amber ſtuds,
All theſe in me no meanes can move,
To come to thee and be thy Love.
But could youth laſt, and Love ſtill breede,
Had joyes no date, nor age no neede,
Then theſe delights my minde might move,
To live with thee and be thy Love.

P. 2

Another of the ſame Nature.

COme live with me and be my deare,
And we will revill all the yeare,
In plaines and groves, on hills and dales,
Where fragrant ayre breeds ſweeteſt gales.
There ſhall you have the beauteous Pine,
The Ceder and the ſpreading Vine,
And all the woods to be a skreene.
Leaſt *Phœbus* kiſſe my Summers Queene.
The ſeat for your diſport ſhall be,
Over ſome River in a Tree,
Where ſilver ſands, and pebbles ſing,
Eternall ditties with the Spring.
There ſhall you ſee the Nymphs at play,
And how the Satyres ſpend the day,
The fiſhes gliding on the ſands,
Offring their bellies to your hands.
The Birds with heavenly tuned throates,
Poſſeſſe woods Ecchoes with ſweet notes,
Which to your ſences will impart,
A muſique to inflame the heart.
Vpon the bare and leafeleſſe Oake,
The Ring-Doves wooings will provoke,
A colder blood then you poſſeſſe,
To play with me and doe no leſſe.
In bowers of Lawrell trimly dight,
We will outweare the ſilent night,
While *Flora* buſie is to ſpread,
Her richeſt treaſure on our bed.

Ten Glow-wormes ſhall attend,
And all their ſparkling lights ſhall ſpend,
All to adorne and beautifie
Your lodging with moſt majeſtie.
Then in my armes will I incloſe,
Lillies faire mixture with the Roſe,
Whoſe nice perfections in Loves play,
Shall turne me to the higheſt Key.
Thus as we paſſe the welcome night,
In ſportfull pleaſures and delight,
The nimble Faries on the grounds,
Shall dance and ſing melodious ſounds.
If theſe may ſerve for to intice,
Your preſence to Loves Paradiſe,
Then come with me and be my deare,
And we will ſtraight begin the yeare.

TAke, O take thoſe lippes away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworne,
And thoſe eyes the breake of day
Lights which doe miſlead the morne,
But my kiſſes bring againe,
Seales of Love, though ſeal'd in vaine.
Hide, O hide thoſe hills of Snow
Which thy frozen boſome beares,
On whoſe toppes the Pinkes that grow,
Are of thoſe that Aprils weares.
But my poore heart firſt ſet free,
Bound in thoſe Icy chaines by thee.

LEt the bird of loweſt lay
On the ſole *Arabian* tree,
Herauld ſad and Trumpet be,
To whoſe ſound, chaſt wings obay.
But thou ſhriking harbinger,
Foule precurrer of the fiend,
Augour of the feavers end,
To this Troope come thou not neere:
From this Seſſion interdict,
Every foule of Tyrant wing,
Save the Eagle feathered King,
Keepe the obſequie ſo ſtrict.
Let the Prieſt in Surplis white,
That defunctive Muſicke can,
Be the death divining Swan,
Leſt the Requiem lack his right.
And thou treble dated Crow,
That thy ſable gender mak'ſt,
With the breath thou giv'ſt and tak'ſt,
'Mongſt our mourners ſhalt thou go.
Here the Anthem doth commence,
Love and conſtancie is dead,
Pœnix and the Turtle Fled,
In a mutuall flame from hence.
So they loved as love in twaine.

Diſtance and no ſpace was ſeene
Twixt thy Turtle and his Queene,
But in them it were a wonder.
So betweene them Love did ſhine,
That the Turtle ſaw his right,
Flaming in the Phœnix ſight,
Either was the others mine.
Propertie was thus appalled,
That the ſelfe was not the ſame,
Single Natures double name,
Neither two nor one was called.
Reaſon in it ſelfe confounded,
Saw diviſion grow together,
To themſelves yet either neither,
Simple were ſo well compounded.
That it cried how true a twaine,
Seemeth this concordant one,
Love hath Reaſon, Reaſon none,
If what parts can ſo remaine.
Whereupon it made this Threne,
To the Phœnix and the Dove,
Co-ſupreames and ſtarres of Love,
As Chorus to their tragique Scene.

Threnes.

BEauty, Truth, and Rarities,
Grace in all Simplicity,
Hence inclos'd, in cinders lie.

Death

Death is now the Phœnix neſt,
And the Turtles loyall breaſt,
To eternity doth reſt.
Leaving no poſterity
Twas not their infirmity,
It was married Chaſtity.
Truth may ſeeme but cannot be,
Beauty bragge, but tis not ſhee,
Truth and Beautie buried be.
To this Vrne let thoſe repaire,
That are either true or faire,
For theſe dead birds ſigh a prayer.

WHy ſhould this Deſart be,
for it is unpeopled ? No:
Tongues Ile hang on every tree,
That ſhall civill ſayings ſhoe.
Some how briefe the life of Man
runnes his erring Pilgrimage,
That the ſtretching of a Span.
buckles in his ſome of age.
Some of violated vowes,
twixt the ſoules of friend and friend,
But upon the faireſt bowes,

that one body ſhould be fill'd
With all graces wide inlarg'd,
nature preſently diſtill'd.
Helens cheecke, but not his heart,
Cleopatra's Majeſtie:
Atlanta's better part,
ſad *Lucrece's* modeſtie.
Thus *Roſalinde* of many parts
by heavenly Synods was deui'd
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
to have the touches dearreſt priz'd
Heaven would theſe gifts ſhe ſhould have,
and I to live and die her ſlave.

An Epitaph on the admirable Dramaticke Poet, William Sheakeſpeare.

What needs my *Shakeſpeare* for his honoured bones,
The labour of an age, in piled ſtones,
Or that his hallow'd Relikes ſhould be hid,
Vnder a ſtarre-ypointing Pyramid?
Deare Sonne of Memory, great heire of Fame,
What needs thou ſuch weake witneſſe of thy name.
Thou in our wonder and aſtoniſhment,
Haſt built thy ſelfe a live-long Monument:
For whilſt to th'ſhame of ſlow-endevouring Art,
Thy eaſie numbers flow, and that each heart,
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Booke,
Thoſe Delphicke lines with deepe Impreſſion tooke.

Then

Then thou our fancy of our selfe bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so Sepulcher'd in such pompe dost lie,
That Kings for such a Tombe would wish to die.

I. M.

On the death of William Shakespeare, who died in Aprill, Anno Dom. 1616.

REnowned Spenser lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie
A little nearer Spenser to make roome,
For Shakespeare in your three-fold, foure-fold Tombe;
To lodge all foure in one bed make a shift,
Vntill Dommes-day, for hardly shall a fift
Betwixt this day and that by Fate be slaine,
For whom your Curtaines may be drawne againe.
If your precedencie in death doth barre,
A fourth place in your sacred Sepulchre!
Vnder this sacred Marble of thy owne,
Sleepe rare Tragedian Shakespeare, sleepe alone;
Thy unmolested peace in an unshar'd Cave,
Possesse as Lord, not Tennant of thy Grave.
That unto us, and others it may be,
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.

W. B.

An Elegie on the death of that famous Writer and Actor, M. William Shakſpeare.

I Dare not doe thy Memory that wrong,
Vnto our larger griefes to give a tongue;
Ile onely ſigh in earneſt, and let fall
My ſolemne teares at thy great Funerall;
For every eye that raines a ſhowre for thee,
Laments thy loſſe in a ſad Elegie.
Nor is it fit each humble Muſe ſhould have;
Thy worth his ſubject, now th'art laid in grave;
No its a flight beyond the pitch of thoſe,
Whoſe worthles Pamphlets are not ſence in Proſe.
Let learned *Iohnſon* ſing a Dirge for thee,
And fill our Orbe with mournefull harmony:
But we neede no Remembrancer, thy Fame
Shall ſtill accompany thy honoured Name,
To all poſterity, and make us be,
Senſible of what we loſt in loſing thee:
Being the Ages wonder whoſe ſmooth Rhimes,
Did more reforme than laſh the looſer Times.
Nature her ſelfe did her owne ſelfe admire,
As oft as thou wert pleaſed to attire
Her in her native luſture, and confeſſe,
Thy dreſſing was her chiefeſt comlineſſe.
How can we then forget thee, when the age
Her chiefeſt Tutor, and the widdowed Stage

 Her

Her onely favorite in thee hath loſt,
And Natures ſelfe what ſhe did bragge of moſt.
Sleepe then rich ſoule of numbers, whilſt poore we,
Enjoy the profits of thy Legacies
And thinke it happineſſe enough we have,
So much of thee redeemed from the grave,
As may ſuffice to enlighten future times,
With the bright luſtre of thy matchleſſe Rhimes.

FINIS.

An Addition of ſome Excellent Poems, to thoſe precedent, of Renowned *Shakeſpeare*, By other Gentlemen.

His Miſtreſſe Drawne.

SItting, and ready to be drawne,
What make theſe velvets, ſilkes, and lawne?
Imbroideries, feathers, fringe, and lace,
When every limbe takes like a face?
And theſe ſuſpected helpes to aide,
Some forme defective and decai'd:
This beauty without falſehood faire,
Needs nought to cloath it but the Aire:
Yet ſome thing to the Painters view,
Where fitly interpoſed, ſo new
He ſhall (if he can underſtand)
Worke by my fancy with his hand.
Draw firſt a Cloud all ſave her necke,
And out of that make day to breake,
Till like her face it doe appeare,
And men may thinke all light roſe there.
Then let the beames of that diſperce

The Cloud, and ſhew the Vniverſe:
But at ſuch diſtance as the eye,
May rather it adore than ſpie:
The Heavens deſign'd, draw next a Spring,
Withall that youth or it may bring:
Foure Rivers branching forth like Seas
And Paradiſe confinde in theſe.
Laſt draw the circle of this Globe,
And let there be a ſtarry Robe,
Of Conſtillations 'bout her hurl'd,
And thou haſt painted beauties world.
But Painter ſee you doe not ſell
A coppy of this Peece, nor tell
Whoſe tis: But if it favour finde,
Next ſitting we will draw her minde.

B. L

Her minde.

PAinter y'are come, but may be gone,
Now I have better thought thereon,
This worke I can performe alone,
And give you reaſons more than one.
Not that your Art I doe refuſe,
But here I may no colours uſe,
Beſides your hand will never hit
To draw the thing that cannot ſit.
You could make ſhift to paint an eye,

An Eagle towring in the skie,
A Sunne, a Sea, a Sandleſſe pit,
And theſe are like a minde, not it.
No, to expreſſe this minde to ſence,
Would aske a heavens intelligence,
Since that nothing can report that flame,
But whats of kinne to whence it came:
Sweete mind, then ſpeake your ſelfe, and ſay
As you goe on, by what brave way,
Our ſence you doe with knowledge fill,
And yet remaine our wonder ſtill.
I call you Muſe: now make it true,
Hence forth may every line be you,
That all may ſay that ſee the frame,
This is no Picture but the ſame:
A minde ſo pure, ſo perfect fine,
As tis not radiant, but divine,
And ſo diſdaining any tire,
Tis got where it can trie the fire.
There (high exalted in the Spheare,
As it another Nature were)
It moveth all, and makes a flight,
As circular as infinite,
Whoſe Notions when it would expreſſe
In ſpeech, it is with that exceſſe.
Of grace and muſicke to the eare,
As what it ſpake it planted there.
The voice ſo ſweete, the words ſo faire,
As ſome ſoft chime had ſtrok'd the Ayre,
And though the ſound were parted thence,
Still left an Eccho in the ſence,
But that a minde ſo rapt ſo high,

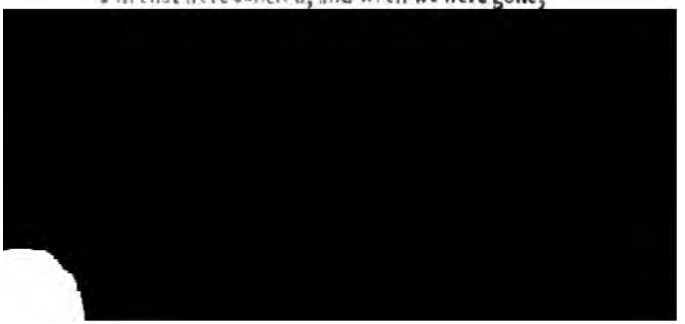
So ſwift, ſo pure ſhould yet apply
It ſelfe to us, and come ſo nigh
Earths groſſeneſſe, there's the how, and why?
Is it becauſe it ſees us dull
And ſtucke in clay here? it would pull
Vs forth by ſome Coeleſtiall ſlight,
Vp to her owne ſublimed height?
Or hath ſhee here upon the ground,
Some Paradiſe or Pallace found
In all the bounds of Beauty fit
For her t'inhabit? there is it.
Thrice happie houſe that haſt receite,
For this ſo ſoftly forme, ſo ſtraite,
So poliſh'd, perfect, and ſo even,
As it ſlid moulded out of heaven.
Not ſwelling like the Ocean proud,
But ſtooping gently as a Cloud,
As ſmooth as Oyle powr'd forth, and calme,
As ſhowers, and ſweete as droppes of Balme,
Smooth, ſoft, and ſweete, and all a flood,
Where it may runne to any good,
And where it ſtyes, it there becomes,
A neſt of odours, ſpices, and gummes.
In action wing'd as the winde,
Leaſt like ſpirits left behind,
Vpon a bancke or field of flowers,
Begotten by the winde and ſhowers.

[redacted]

To Ben. Johnſon.

THe Sunne which doth the greateſt comfort bring,
To abſent friends, becauſe the ſelfe ſame thing,
They know they ſee, how ever abſent is,
Here our beſt Hay-maker, forgive me this;
It is our Country ſtile in this warme ſhine,
I lie and dreame of your full meremayd wine!
Oh we have water-mixt with Clarret Lees,
Drinke apt to bring in dryer hereſies,
Then beere, good onely for a Sonnet ſtraine,
With luſtion Metaphors to ſtuffe the braine;
So mixt, that given to the thirſtieſt one,
'Twill not prove Almes unleſſe he have the ſtone:
Tis ſold by Puritans, mixt with intent,
To make it ſerve for either Sacrament,
I thinke with one draught mans intention fades,
Two Cups had quite ſpoil'd *Homers Illiads*.
Tis liquor that will finde out *Sutcliffs* wit,
Lie where it will, and make him write worſe yet?
Fill'd with ſuch moiſture in a grievous ſqualme,
Did *Robert Wiſedome* write his ſinging Pſalmes;
And ſo muſt I doe this, and yet I thinke,
It is a potion ſent us downe to drinke,
By ſpeciall providence, keepes us from fights,
Makes us not laugh, when we make legges to Knights:
Tis that which keepes our minds fit for our States,
A medicine to obey our Magiſtrates.
For we doe live more free than you, no hate,
No envie of anothers happy ſtate

Moves us! we are equall every whis
Of land that God gives men, here is their wit,
If we consider fully for our best,
And gravest man will with his maine house jest
Scarce please you! we want subtilty to doe
The Cittie trickes, lie, hate, and flatter too:
Here are none that can be are a painted show,
Strike when you winke, and then lament the blow,
Who like Mills set the right way to grinde,
Can make there gaines alike with every winde:
Onely some fellow with the subtil'st pate,
Among'st us may perchance equivocate,
At selling of a horse, and thats the most,
Me thinkes the little wit I had is lost
Since I saw you, for wit is like a rest,
Held up at Tinnis, which men doe the best
With the best Gamesters, what things have wee seene,
Done at the Meeremaid, here words that have beene
So nimble, and so full of suttle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came,
Had [illegible] to put his whole wit in a jest,
[illegible] to live a foole the rest,
[illegible] when there has beene throwne,
[illegible] to justifie the Towne,
[illegible] that might warrant be,
[illegible] talke foolishlie,
Till that were cancil'd, and when we were gone,



My wit for dry bobs, then I needs muſt cry,
I ſee my dayes of Ballaning growes nigh.
I can already riddle, and can ſing
Catches, ſell bargaines, and I feare ſhall bring
My ſelfe to ſpeake the hardeſt words I finde,
Over as oft as any with one winde
That takes no medicines, but one thought of thee,
Makes me remember all theſe things to be
The wit of our young men, fellowes that ſhow,
No part of good, yet utter all they know,
Who like Trees and the Guard have growing ſoules,
Onely ſtrong deſtiny which all controules,
I hope hath left a better Fate in ſtore,
For me thy friend, then to live evermore
Baniſh'd unto this, home 'twill once againe,
Bring me to thee, who will make ſmooth and plaine
The way of Knowledge for me, and then I,
Who have no good in me, but ſimplicity,
Know that it will my greateſt comfort be,
To acknowledge all the reſt to come from thee.

F. B.

His Miſtris Shade.

COme then, and like two Doves of ſilver wings,
Let our ſoules fly to th'ſhades, where ever ſprings,
Sit ſmiling on the bankes, where Balme and Oyle,
Roſes and Caſſia crowne the untill'd ſoile:

Where

Where no diſeaſe raignes, or infection comes,
To blaſt the Ayre, but Amber-greece and gummes:
This, that, and every thicket doth tranſpire,
More ſweete than Spicknard through the hallow fire
Where every tree a fruitfull iſſue beares,
Of mellow Apples, ripened Plumbs and Peares,
And all the ſtumbs with ſparkling ſpangles ſhew,
Like morning Sunſhine tinſelling the dew:
Here in greene medowes ſits eternall May,
Purfling the margents, while perpetuall day,
So double guildes the Ayre, as that no night,
Can ever ruſt th'enamell of the light:
Here handſome ſtriplings, naked younglings run,
Their Goales for Virgin kiſſes, which when done,
Then unto dancing forth the learned Round,
So ſoone as each his dangling locks hath crown'd,
With Roſie Chaplets, Lillies, Panſies red,
Soft Saffron Circles to perfume the head.
And here weele ſit on Primroſe banks and ſee,
Loves *Chorus* led by *Cupid*, and weele be,
Two loving followers to the grove,
Where Poets ſing the ſtories of their Love.
There ſhalt thou here divine *Muſeus* ſing,
Of *Hero* and *Leander*, then Ile bring
Thee to the ſtand where honour'd *Homer* reades,
His *Odiſſes*, and his heigh *Iliades*,
Vnto the Prince of Shades, whom once his Pen

Like to his ſubject, and as his franticke
Look es renders him, true *Bacchanalian*-like,
Beſmear'd with grapes, welcome he will thee thether,
Where both may laugh, both drinke, both rage together.
Then ſtately *Virgil*. witty *Ovid* by,
Whom faire *Corinna* ſtands, and doth comply
With Ivory wriſts, his Laurear head, and ſleepes,
His eyes in dew of kiſſes while he ſleepes.
Then ſoft *Catullus*, ſharpe fang'd *Martiall*,
And towring *Lucan*, *Horace*, *Iuvinall*,
And ſnakie *Perſeus*; theſe and thoſe whom rage,
(Dropt from the larre of heaven) fill'd to enrage
All times unto their frenſies, thou ſhalt there
Behold them in an Amphitheater.
Amongſt which Synod crown'd with ſacred bayes,
And flattering joy weele have to recite their playes.
Shakeſpeare and *Beamond*, Swannes to whom the Spheares
Liſten, while they call backe the former yeare.
To teach the truth of Scenes, and more for thee,
There yet remaines brave ſoule than thou canſt ſee
By glimmering of a fancie: doe but come,
And there Ile ſhew thee that illuſtrous roome,
In which thy father *Iohnſon* ſhall be plac'd,
As in a Globe of radiant fire, and grac'd,
To be of that high Hyrarchy, where none
But brave ſoules take illumination:
Immediatly from heaven, but harke the Cocke,
(The Bell-man of the night) proclaimes the Clocke,
Of late ſtrucke one, and now I feele the prime
Of day breake through the pregnant Eaſt, tis time
I vaniſh: more I had to ſay,
But night determines here, away.

Lavinia

Lavinia walking in a frosty Morning.

I'th nonnage of a Winters day,
Lavinia glorious as May,
To give the morne an earlier birth,
Paced a mile of crusted earth,
When each place by which she came,
From her veines conceived flame.
The amorous plant began to strive,
Which should first be sinsitive,
Every hoary headed twigge,
Drop'd his Snowy Periwigge,
And each bough his Icy beard,
On either side his walkes was heard:
Whispers of decreped wood,
Calling to their rootes for blood:
The gentle Soyle did mildely greete,
The welcome kisses of her feete,
And to retaine such a Treasure,
Like waxe dissolving tooke her measure.
Lavinia stood amaz'd to see,
Things of yearely certaintie:
Thus to rebell against their Season,
And though a stranger to the Reason.

A Sigh ſent to his Miſtreſſe.

I Sent a Sigh unto my Miſtreſſe Eare,
Which went her way and ne're came there,
I haſted after leaſt ſome other faire,
Should mildly entertaine this travelling Ayre,
Each flowery garden I did ſearch for feare,
It might miſtake a Lilly for her Eare.
And having there tooke lodging, ſtill might dwell,
Hous'd in the Concave of Chriſtall Bell:
I ſought amongſt the Birds, thinking it might,
Reſort for company the wing'd flight,
And ſo play Truant, but alas each note,
They merrily did warble in the throate;
Told me it was but the mirthy ſigne,
If one were there, I knew twas none of mine?
At laſt one froſty morning I did ſpie,
The ſubtill wanderer in the skie,
At ſight of me it trembled, and for feare,
I bare it to my Saint, and pray'd her take,
This new borne off-ſpring for the Maſters ſake?
Which ſhe perceiving granted me her lippe,
And ſo preferr'd it to her ſofter tippe.
And now this pendant burthen now doth beare,
Each thing thats whiſpr'd in her Eare.
I grieve, cauſe I have loſt a teare, and ſhe
With ſorrow is more happier farre than me,
Yet there is remedy left to eaſe me,
Give me but one of hers, and ſo ſheele pleaſe me.

An Allegoricall alluſion of melancholy thoughts to Bees.

COme you ſwarmes of thoughts, and bring,
to this crazie Hive of mine,
Not your hony, but your ſting,
naked I my heart reſigne,
To your Lancets therefore flicke,
Every part and parteli thicke.
From the garden of her face,
where theſe Bees were wont to finde,
Amber ſweets in every place,
ſcattered by a chiding winde.
Hie you home, for now you are,
Marchants turn'd to men of warre.
Some brought me incenſe from her breath;
ſome the Velvet of her brow
Some a ſmile, ſome underneath
tincture of lippe curroll, now
Every one that thence doth flie,
Brings a needle from her eye.
Regiſter the breach of peace,

And for more, though more content,
to draw backwards and depoſe,
And from all dominion fling,
As a Drone, though once your King.
Let him bare his vaſt deſignes,
to deſires as vaſt as they,
High-roofe thoughts and ſpacious minds,
are not for Cottages of clay,
Monarchies will fit them beſt,
Petty States affect but reſt.
Keepe you in, for if you ſtray,
from your holds, no other feares,
Needeaffli& you night or day,
but by ſcalding water teares,
For ſhe vowes in Loves defence,
Love no more ſhall fire you hence,
All the doubt is as you grow
Waſpes, becauſe your bagges are drie,
So as you your ſtings forgoe,
you will turne to arrant Flies,
And when Summer ſets you free,
Trouble her as well as me.
Yet beware, the baites are laid.
nets are ſpread, the flames are high,
You had neede to be afraid,
for there's lightning in her eye,
Every hair's a ſleeve of ſilke,
And each breaſt a wave of milke.
Therefore circumſpectly light,
on her hand, for Suger growes
All the Countrey over quite,
Feed and ſay, but in the cloſe,

To

To the Waſpe, the Bee, the Flie;
All's provided for, but I.

T. G.

The Primroſe.

ASke me why I ſend you here,
This firſtling of the Winter yeere,
Aske me why I ſend to you,
This Primroſe, all bepearl'd with dew;
I ſtraight will whiſper in your eares,
The ſweets of Love, are waſh'd with teares.
Aske me why this flower doth ſhow,
So yellow, greene, and ſickly too,
Aske me why the ſtalke is weake,
And bending yet it doth not breake.
I muſt tell you theſe diſcover,
What doubts and feares are in a Lover.

Where my cruell faire doth reſt,
Caſt it in her Snowy breaſt,
That inflam'd by my deſire,
It may ſet her heart on fire.
Taſte her lippe, and then confeſſe,
If *Arabia* doe poſſeſſe
Or that hony *Hybla* Hill,
Sweets like thoſe which thence diſtill:
Thoſe ſweete kiſſes thou ſhalt gaine,
Shall reward thee for thy paine.
Boldly light upon her lippe,
There ſucke odours, and thence skippe,
To her boſome, laſtly fall
Downe and wander over all.
Range about thoſe Ivory hills,
From whoſe every part diſtills,
Amber dew theſe ſpices grow,
There pure ſtreames of *Nectar* flow:
There perfume thy ſelfe and bring,
All thoſe ſweets upon thy wing:
As thou return'ſt change by thy power,
Every weede into a flower.
Turne every Thiſtle to a Vine,
And make the Bramble Eglantine:
For ſo rich a booty made,
Doe but this and I am paide.
Thou canſt with thy powerfull blaſt,
Heate apace and coole as faſt:
Thou canſt kindle hidden flame,
And againe deſtroy the ſame;
Then for pitty either ſtirre
Vp the flames of love in her,

That alike both flames may ſhine,
Or elſe quite extinguiſh thine.

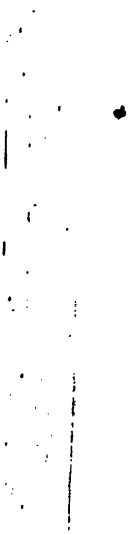
A Bluſh.

STay luſty blood, where canſt thou ſeeke,
So bleſt a place? as in her cheeke?
How canſt thou from that place retire,
Where beauty doth command deſire?
But if thou canſt not ſtay, then flow
Downe to her panting pappes below,
Flow like a deluge from her Breaſt
Where *Venus* Swans hath built their neſt;
And ſo take glory to diſdaine,
With *Azure* blew each ſwelling veine,
Then run boyling through each part,
Till thou haſt warm'd her frozen heart;
If from love it would retire,
Martyr it with gentle fire:
And having ſearch'd each ſecret place,
Fly thou backe into her face;
Where live bleſt *in* changing thoſe,
White Lylly, to a Roſe.

Or

Orpheus Lute.

When *Orpheus* ſweetly did complaine,
Vpon the Lute with heavie ſtraine,
How his *Eurydices* was ſlaine:
The trees to heare
Obtaine an eare,
And after left it off againe,
At every ſtroake and every ſtay,
The boughes kept time, and nodding lay,
And liſtned, bended, all one way,
The Aſpin Tree,
As well as he,
Began to ſhake and learne to play.
If wood could ſpeake, a tree might heare,
If wood could ſound true griefe to th'eare,
A tree might droppe an Amber teare:
If wood ſo well,
Could ring a knell,
The Cypreſſe might condole the Beere.
The ſtanding Nobles of the Grove,
Hearing dead wood to ſpeake and move,
The fatall Axe began to love,
Thy envied death,
That gave ſuch breath,
As men alive doe Saints above.



AM I diſpis'd becauſe you ſay,
And I believe that I am gray?
Know Lady you have but your day,
And night will come when men will ſweare,
Time hath ſpilt Snowe on your haire?
Then when in your glaſſe you ſeeke,
But finde no Roſe buds in your cheeke,
No nor the bed to give them ſhew,
Where ſuch a rare Cornation grew,
And ſuch a ſmiling Tulippe too;
O then too late in cloſe your Chamber keeping,
It will be told
That you are old.
By thoſe true teares y'are weeping.

Vpon a Gentlewoman walking on the Graſſe.

The ſoote that covered it, but when it miſt,
Her gentle preſſure (like a wife whoſe bed
Is ſcorn'd) it droopt, and ſince hung downe its head;
Till by a ſtrength Love gave to entertaine,
Her wiſh'd returne it rear'd it ſelfe againe:
And now ſtands tall in pride; but had it ſeene
Her face (that court of beauty where the Queene
Of Love is alwayes reſident) it would
When the Sunne dallies with it, weepe in cold
And pearled dew at noone, greev'd that her face
Might not as did her feete daigne equall grace
In moving neerer to it: what my happy eyes
Saw there (though from that houre their faculties
Are ever forfeit) this bright Viſion yet,
Muſt needs ingage me in a further debt
To her, then there want quits, ſince what I ſee,
In being leſſe faire, muſt be a loſſe to me.

On his Love going to Sea.

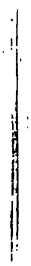
FArewell (faire Saint) may not the Seas or winde,
Swell like the hearts and eyes you leave behinde,
But calme and gentle like the lookes you beare,
Smile in your face, and whiſper in your eare.
Let no bold billow offer to ariſe,
That it may neerer looke upon your eyes.

Leaſt winde and wave inamour'd on your forme,
Doe throng and croud themſelves into a ſtorme,
But if it be your fate vaſte Sea's to Love,
Of my becalm'd heart, learne how to move.
Move then but in a gentle Lovers pace,
No wrinckles nor no ſorrowes in your face:
And you fierce winds, ſee that you tell your tale
In ſuch a breath as may but fill her Saile:
So whilſt you court her, each your ſeverall way,
You ſhall her ſafely to her Port convay,
And loſe her in a noble way of wooing,
Whilſt both contribute to your owne undoing.

ASke me no more where *Iove* beſtowes,
When *Iune* is paſt, the fading Roſe,
For in your beauties Orient deepe,
Theſe flowers as in their Cauſes ſleepe.
Aske me no more whether doe ſtray,
The golden Atomes of the day,
For in pure love heaven did prepare,
Thoſe powders to enrich your haire.
Aske me no more whether doth haſte,
The Nightingale when May is paſt.

Aske me no more if East and West,
The Phœnixe builds her spiced nest,
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosome dies.

FINIS.



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